TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN R. L. Borden, leader of the Conservative party, voiced his approval of the Government's naval scheme, he no doubt considered it the popular side of the question; in backing the Liberals in this project of establishing an amateur navy, the Opposition Leader, also figured, as a good many of the Canadian dailies have done, that this was the softest and most comfortable seat in sight, and with great unction and some oratorical fireworks he proceeded to occupy it. It now develops, however, that there are some lumps and an occasional tack in this chair of state, the latest of which has developed in the Province of Quebec, where F. D. Monk, the Provincial Conservative leader has quite frankly announced himself as opposed to the Canadian "tin navy." Mr. Monk states that a direct contribution to Britain would be logical, but on the other hand he does not consider it time for Canada to go in for building warships on her own account.

Like the red trout, hooked, and in the process of being landed, the nearer one gets to the Laurier-Brodeur naval scheme, the smaller it looks, and I would not wonder if, before the pending session of Parliament is over, it disappears entirely.

Originally, of course, this home-made naval project was a concession to the Province of Quebec, where it was imagined the French Canadians would oppose any direct contribution to Britain's first line of defence. It now seems, however, that there has been a serious miscalculation, for much opposition has developed against the Brodeur plan in both Liberal and Conservative ranks, while a direct contribution meets with favor in unexpected places.

The Liberal politicians at Ottawa have not been slow to grasp the meaning of this opposition, and while there is apparently no attempt to abandon the Canadian navy scheme, it has at the same time been slowly, but gradually, shrinking until now we are told that the project as outlined "is somewhat less extensive than at first planned." As the opposition develops, in both Conservative and Liberal ranks, it can not be expected that either Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or Mr. R. L. Borden will be so ardent in their advocacy for a Canadian navy as they once were.

According to usually well informed Ottawa writers we are told that the Canadian navy is now sawed down to seven vessels, three cruisers and four destroyers. The total cost of which is to be some ten or twelve million dollars. We are further told that Parliament will be asked to vote only two million dollars during the first fiscal year. Here is the milk in the cocoanut: An elaborate naval programme has dwindled down to seven vessels, four of which—the destroyers—could hardly be trusted away from home, and three second class cruisers, the utility of which is doubtful, according to British naval authorities. As the first ingredient to this naval programme we are to chip in two millions, the rest to come in the indefinite hereafter.

It all reminds one of a suit of flannels. The longer this naval scheme hangs on the line, the shorter it gets, and our prospect of aiding Britain in a grave crisis is so distant that it would stump the denizens of the Pike's Peak observatory to find it.

However, I cannot but shed a tear for poor Mr. Borden. He always has had bad luck. When he picked up a first-class plank to put into his platform, along came that Ottawa pack and stole it from him. Now he follows along in the trail of the Liberals for a change, but in place of landing a popular naval scheme he has, according to all signs, picked up a hot stove lid and don't dare drop it for fear of burning something.

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AS we read accounts of the Steinheil murder trial in Paris, one cannot but marvel, unaccustomed, as we are, to having a presiding judge take upon his shoulders the mantle of the prosecuting attorney. M. Valles conducts this case as though Mme. Steinheil had already been found guilty of murdering her husband and mother-in-law instead of being merely incriminated upon what has so far proved unconvincing circumstantial evidence. M. Valles' method is to go at the prisoner in the dock like a bull at a gate. He bullies her, applies to her all sorts of insulting appellations and insinuations, and in the intervals plies the prisoner mercilessly with insidious questions.

We are told, however, that M. Valles is not only one of the ablest, but also one of the most conscientious of French magistrates. It is therefore the system that is wrong, not the man. He is merely carrying out the trial according to the procedure and traditions of the French court, which is, that a prisoner is guilty until proven innocent.

British courts and British justice give us a good deal to be thankful for.

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DELVING after the pirate's gold, which in song and story has been such productive groundwork for tales tending to raise the youthful hair, still occupies, it seems, the attention of men of business. For two hundred years and more men have dug and delved for the hidden treasures of Captain Kidd, for the gold of Lafitte, trader, slaver and pirate of the Gulf of Mexico, and for the jewels and gold which fell to the lot of Captain Morgan, the pirate who twice sacked Panama, and who made matters most uncomfortable for the early Spaniards in their American possessions.

There is scarcely a likely place on the Atlantic coast, from Nova Scotia to the Florida Keys, which at some time or other has not been ransacked for the treasures of Captain Kidd; and by the same token there is scarcely an island on the Atlantic coast that has not its own little legend; its entrancing mythical story of how Kidd there hid his treasures. The latest exploit in this peculiar field of treasure-hunting was the formation in New York city of the Old Gold Salvage and Wrecking Association, at the head of which is a stock broker and a lawyer. The scene of operations was Oak Island, a little bit of land in Chester Bay, not far from Halifax, N.S., where legend says Captain Kidd had hidden treasure to the value of two million pounds sterling. The Old Gold Company loaded up with expensive machinery, and from all accounts must have done some good, honest exploration work, for they drove a shaft to a depth of one hundred and seventy feet. Of course, they found nothing. It was hardly to be expected that they would.

As a matter of fact, Captain Kidd was what one may term a hard luck buccaneer. He began life as an honest citizen, as most buccaneers did in those days, and do now for that matter. He took to privateering, which was also rated an honest profession, and was finally forced into raising the black flag through a series of misrepresentations. Kidd got into politics, and he appears to have got in on the wrong side; and finally he roundly berated the then Governor of New York, and was eventually hanged for his pains.

There were bigger, better pirates than Kidd, down in the West Indies, and pirating being a specialty, the South Sea gentlemen of the craft formed a close corporation which eventually put Kidd out of business in their territory. For the greater part of his career, therefore, he was obliged to seek waters new, which meant that he sailed from Cape Hatteras north to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. This never was productive ground for pirates. The ships that sailed to and fro in northern waters did not carry goods that were easily convertible into coin, and as for gold, silver and precious stones, North America knew nothing of them in those days. The Spaniards in the West Indies had a monopoly, and they were kept fairly busy by Morgan and other buccaneering specialists who either preceded or followed the great and only English pirate.

It is therefore very much to be doubted if Kidd made more than a living out of his buccaneering exploits. In other words, Captain Kidd was hardly a success at his chosen profession. Morgan, on the other hand, was not only eminently successful as a pirate, but was also in the front rank in political circles, for did he not go back to London, loaded down with piratical plunder, to be knighted, and die in his bed, and not with his boots on, as his old mother had predicted?

Edgar Allan Poe, in the "Gold Bug," found the mythical treasures of Captain Kidd, and one may be glad that the legends survived, else Poe could never have written the entrancing story. However, as I said before, Kidd was after all a pretty poor pirate and a worse politician, and he in all probability left nothing behind him of more value than a shady reputation.

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ABSTAIN, all ye strivers after genius. Pursue not the literary goal of undying fame, if in this world ye would enjoy peace and matrimonial felicity. It is written in the book of life that the average man is dull, but dullness has, it seems, its own compensations. The artist may see things which are unknown and impossible for your eyes, the musician may appreciate the nocturne as you never can, the literary giant may write as you never will. But there are compensations. Someone has described genius as a crazy stratum in an otherwise sane brain. Be this as it may, it must go down in the records that men of letters, the literary genius, the men and women endowed with extraordinary creative gifts, are almost invariably unhappy in their matrimonial affairs.

Mr. Sydney Low, the English writer, has recently gone to the trouble of compiling a list of the representative literary men of Great Britain stretching over three centuries, and the sum total is an appalling list of matrimonial misfits. There was Byron, whose life was one romantic debauch; Shakespeare, whose home life was not a bed of roses; Milton, who was married three times, wrote tracts on divorce and paid attention to the other lady during his wife's absence; Dryden; Pepys; Swift, married to a woman with whom he never lived; Addison; Samuel Johnson, married to a woman twenty years his senior; Sterne; Boswell, who, like his friend Johnson, had a bad time of it; Burns; Southey; Coleridge, who lived apart from his wife; Shelley, who did likewise; Hazlitt, who was divorced from his first wife, and whose second refused to live with him; De Quincey; Carlisle, who quarrelled with his spouse a goodly share of the time; Landor, who also quarrelled with his better half; and Dickens, who lived apart from his. Thackeray's wife became insane, and this partial list might be brought to an end with Rossetti, whose wife died from an overdose of laudanum, self-administered, and Edward Fitzgerald, who eventually separated from his spouse. But then we have forgotten Keats, Heine, Victor Hugo, Balzac, and dozens of others who did not happen to be Englishmen.

The question might well be asked: Is failure in matrimony the penalty of literary eminence? From the testimony, one must think so. But, on the other hand, there are exceptions to this general rule, and among them might be named Bunyan, Froude, Darwin, Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, and a few more, who were all happily married.

Mr. Sydney Low is of the opinion that the literary temperament is not so much to blame as the literary habit. The man of letters may not be "domesticated," but he usually gets an overdose of domesticity owing to the nature of his employment, and the conditions under which it is carried on. In other pursuits husband and wife are occupied apart during the working day. Most men transact their activities outside their own homes, but the literary man, unless he is also a journalist, which is a rare exception, does his work in his own study.

Mr. Low's conclusions are obvious. According to him there is such a thing as getting too much of a good thing, too much of the society of one's life partner. However, as I said before, this is one of the intricate questions of matrimonial felicity which is outside the realm of the average man.

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THERE is something cheering in the news that Canada is not to be stampeded by the recent actions of the United States Congress regarding tariff matters. The Hon. Mr. Graham, Minister of Railways, in a speech at Strathroy the other night, stated that Canada would proceed in a dignified manner, finding new markets and so legislating that the result will be in the interests of Canada regardless of the United States.

This is, as a matter of fact, the only attitude at all possible with the United States. The American is a keen business man. He is also self-reliant. He believes thoroughly in the homely old proverb which says something about the Lord helping those who help themselves, and at the same time the American's business tenacity, ability and fixity of purpose are such that he has every respect for the other fellow, when it happens, as in this case, that the other fellow has the best of the situation.

Canadians should always remember that they are excellent customers of the United States; that they are in proportion to numbers the best market that the United States now has; and that they buy from them about twice as much as they sell to them. The United States Government may enact tariff legislation against a good many countries, but when it comes to enforcing such legislation against a country which happens to be its second to best world market, it's quite another matter.

A fawning attitude never has gained individual or nation any great amount of respect and consideration, and least of all the respect and esteem of a people whose forefathers, like our own, cut their first homes out of forest wastes and dug their first furrows with rifles on their shoulders.

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THERE died in the city of New York the other day, a man named John Stewart Kennedy. This man was fabulously rich, but I doubt if there are twenty men in Ontario who were even aware that there was such a person. The late Mr. Kennedy is now spoken of as America's little known rich man, and he surely deserved that distinction, for it is said that he left a fortune of no less than $60,000,000, and of this sum his will directs that $25,000,000 be given to religious, charitable and educational institutions.

Like a great many of the continent's rich men, John Stewart Kennedy was a Scotchman, and like a great many more of our own Canadian rich men, Mr. Kennedy was a member of the original syndicate that contracted to build the Canadian Pacific railway.

Prefacing his will, the late Mr. Kennedy writes the following brief paragraph, and I think it worth reproducing, giving, as it does, an insight into the character of a man who was as unassuming as he was philanthropic:—

"Having been greatly prospered in the business which I carried on for more than thirty years, in this, my adopted country, and being desirous of leaving some expression of my sympathy with its religious, charitable, benevolent and educational institutions, I make these gifts."

Then follows a list of bequests, ranging from sums of $2,250,000 down to $5,000. Churches, colleges, hospitals, museums, libraries, schools, were all remembered. The University of Glasgow, Scotland, was not forgotten, for it was there that the rich Scotch-American resided when a boy.

John Stewart Kennedy appears to have managed many things most excellently. First, he managed to keep out of the daily papers, a difficult thing for one so rich; secondly, he managed to make a fortune without any great amount of noise; thirdly, he gave away his riches, both during his life time and by will, with generous hand; and lastly, life to him appears to have been well worth the living. *Pour vivre heureux vivons caches*, says the old French proverb.

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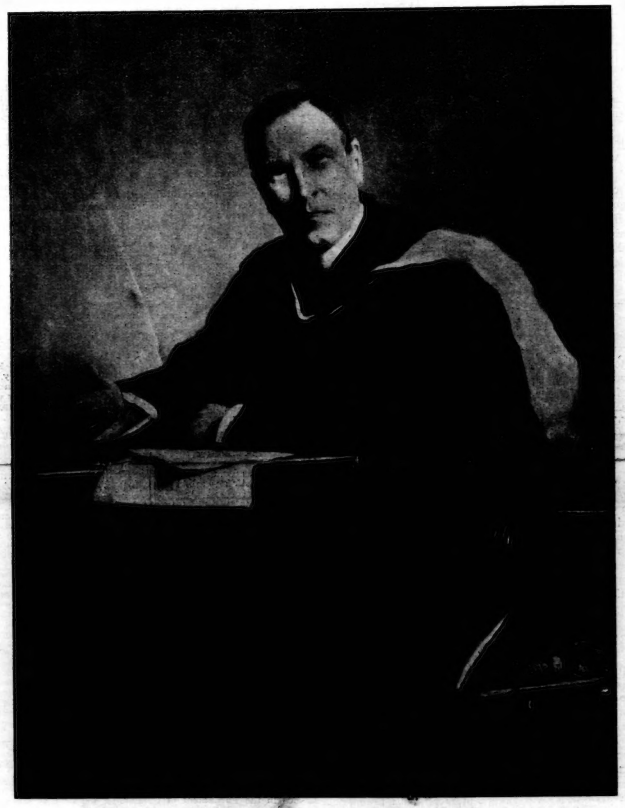
"IMPORTANT, confidential and personal," is the caption to a letter which has been sent broadcast throughout Canada by the Rev. T. Albert Moore, general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance. The recipients of these letters are men of the "cloth," and the object is to inaugurate a campaign having for its purpose the closing of the post offices of the West on Sundays. In the western provinces as in Quebec, the post offices are open on Sundays for a stated period for the convenience of the people, and as the system of rural mail delivery has not as yet been inaugurated in our western country where distances are great and homes far apart, the Sunday post office hour has proven of great advantage.

The preface of Rev. T. Albert Moore's letter, which is too long for a full reproduction here, goes on to say:—

"Dear Sir.—This letter is sent to all branch alliance officers and all clergymen, with the double object of making known the important movement for Lord's Day preservation herein detailed, and to request their strong and practical assistance in making the effort an unqualified success. We desire that you will not make public in any way the proposed action until public announcement is authoritatively made. It would be most inopportune to give the public any definite information concerning this matter."

It is evident from this communication that the Lord's Day Alliance is secretly preparing ammunition for a campaign to be launched upon the Dominion Government at the coming session. It was, of course, the intention to keep the matter dark until all was ready, for then opponents to such a movement would naturally be taken at a disadvantage. There was just a possibility, had the plan not been divulged, of running a prohibitory measure through Parliament before the back country, naturally the most interested factor, had even heard that there was such a scheme on foot.

In the larger centres, such as Winnipeg or Toronto,



CANON CODY, OF TORONTO,

From the Painting by E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., Pres. O.S.A., now hanging in Wycliffe College, presented by St. Paul's Church congregation and students of the college.

there seems to be no particular reason why the post offices should be open on the first day of the week, but in the rural districts there is a decided objection to such arbitrary procedure as is now being planned, and at the very moment rural Ontario is suffering from the same complaint. To hundreds of thousands of people in Canada the one glimpse of town life, the one day in the seven when they see the outside of their own immediate households, is Sunday. On this day they drive, perhaps ten or a dozen miles from their homesteads to the town. Here they mail and receive letters, and, tell it not aloud, they also buy supplies on Sunday, and, perhaps, they go to church. In fact, in a large majority of cases, the church is their objective and the work, if work it can be called, is incidental. Now, these men who follow a plow or rake hay or plant gardens six days in the week, have no time on week days from early spring to late autumn to hitch up their teams and drive to town for the purpose of getting their mail. They are too busy making two blades grow where one, or none, grew before, and, incidentally, their horses are just as busy as they are.

The exact same conditions apply in rural Quebec. Here also are thousands of people, living far in the back country, who on Sunday visit the church and the *Cure*, talk politics, get their letters and mail others, and if badly in need of supplies the country store-keeper has no particular objection to getting behind the counter after mass and serving them. All legal notices are read after mass by the *Cure*, who also stands on the front steps of the church and superintends foreclosure sales. The *Cure* also reads, for the benefit of those assembled, the election proclamations; in fact, the good priest is about the busiest man imaginable on these Sunday mornings. He is guide, philosopher and friend, and his value to the rural community can only be appreciated by those with whom he comes in intimate contact.

Stern necessity has pointed the way in Quebec, and it also points the way in the West. When the rural mail delivery gives every one of these back country people a daily service; when the rural trolley lines pass along their highways it will be time enough for the Lord's Day Alliance to urge a bill which will, if now put into effect, shut them off from one of the few privileges which they enjoy.

If the Rev. T. Albert Moore and other officials of the Lord's Day Alliance would busy themselves operating farms in the back country for a few years they would more readily appreciate the unfairness of their attitude toward a lot of people who deserve better treatment.

However, now that the "secret" campaign planned by these men is no longer a secret, the people of the West will unquestionably take measures to counteract what influence the Lord's Day Alliance may have at Ottawa.

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IN Queen's Quarterly, J. F. Macdonald tells us that school teachers' salaries in the Province of Ontario are looking up. It's time. By what method of reasoning we have arrived at the almost universal practice of underpaying teachers in all departments of learning has always been puzzling. A merchant pays a moderately brainy clerk $1,200 or $1,500 per year and that same merchant is fully satisfied to pay the male teacher, who educates his children, about half this sum, or even less. Women teachers are paid on an average, throughout Canada, just a trifle more than a servant girl, while the cook, if she happens to be a good one, receives at least five dollars more per month than is paid to the college graduate, who teaches the little children of the family.

It is hard to uproot old ideas. Years ago the female teacher was a dependent person, an old maid, or a widow, who considered herself lucky in having a comfortable home, and a few dollars a year spending money, in return for which she taught the young idea how to shoot. When it came to the men teachers of old, they were very much on the same general plane. One taught because he had a game leg, another a crippled arm, a third had tried for an army appointment, but failed to obtain it for one reason or another, while the most prolific source of all were men with unrealized clerical ambitions. These men taught more or less proficiently—usually less.

But times have changed, and so has the class of teachers. The courses before the teachers of to-morrow are hard ones and the examinations stiff. Teaching has grown into a serious business, a profession which should receive more generous treatment at the hands of the public. In the Province of Quebec, teachers in the common schools are woefully underpaid. In the country districts, $250 to $300 per year is still considered a quite sufficient salary to pay a woman graduate of the Normal school, who has chosen teaching as the profession of a life-time. In the cities, of course, this sum is somewhat augmented, but at best the amount which they receive is, on the average, little short of beggarly.

The same small salary applies very largely in our colleges and universities, for strange as it may seem, the rich, progressive western world declines to pay professors sums at all in accord with what the old European seats of learning are willing to give. The upshot of this is that when Canada produces a real man of learning and science, the chances are that some old world university takes him away.

Arthur Hewitt, new General Manager of the Consumers Gas Company.

We have examples of this on all sides. Man after man, having attained a certain degree of eminence in our universities, finds the leadstone of the European university too much to resist. They offer, easily, twice the salary that the Canadian university has been paying, and this, coupled with the fact that the European environment is naturally to his liking, draws him away. Instead of Europe being a training ground for our scientific men, the order is reversed, much to the detriment of Canada.

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THE Chicago Daily News ventures the opinion that Montreal has made a mistake in voting for a Board of Control as a means of relieving itself from present civic conditions. The News makes the claim that the best governed cities are ruled by Boards of Aldermen, but that if Montreal desired to make any change in its administrative bodies the Aldermen should have been ousted one and all. While the Chicago News may be a very learned paper it evidently does not know Montreal Aldermen, else it would never have doubted the fact that forty aldermen in the Canadian Metropolis are just twice as bad as twenty; that twenty are twice as bad as ten, and so on down the scale until the last Alderman has disappeared from civic life.

Getting a Board of Control in Montreal is just a step toward the desired end. What all right-minded Montrealers, with no City Hall graft or "friends" most desired, was to get rid of the Aldermen at all costs, but lacking the necessary power to dispense with the entire body, they did the next best thing and got half of them retired to private life. It is hoped that the day is not far distant when the other half may likewise be given their walking papers.

However, Montreal aldermen are specialists in two things. First and most important is the specialized system of petty larceny which they have for untold years worked to the detriment of the taxpayers. Secondly, the tenacity with which they hold to their jobs when once they are installed within the sacred precincts of the Montreal City Hall, is beyond praise. A burr to a woolly garment is smoothness itself in comparison to these men who stick, grab and hang on in this Aldermanic game of beggar your neighbor.

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WORD comes from London that Winston Churchill, a "traitor to his order," is being boycotted in the London clubs, this presumably being the price that the son of Lord Randolph Churchill has to pay for his adherence to a political party which is the avowed enemy of the Lords.

Over here we have no particular use for Winston Churchill; at least, we did not have until the present facts became public. Young Churchill's introduction to the Canadian public immediately after the South African war was not such that we bubbled over with enthusiasm. In fact, he was a dead failure in more ways than one. Now, however, that Mr. Churchill is being boycotted in the Turf, the Marlborough and in other clubs to which he belongs, the sympathy of the average Canadian is more than likely to turn in his favor.

A worse mistake than this, however, is now being made by British aristocrats who foolishly spread the rumor that the King is incensed over Mr. Churchill's actions, and that His Majesty has expressed himself in the strongest terms regarding the aforesaid Winston. It is further hinted that the boycott at the clubs was also instigated by King Edward, the evident object being an attempt to parade the King among the anti-budget forces and compel him to assume a political partizanship.

While it is known that King Edward has no great admiration for Winston Churchill, any more than he had for Lord Randolph Churchill, whom he is said to have strongly disapproved of owing to that young nobleman's personal discourtesy to Mr. Gladstone, His Majesty would probably be the last man in the world to allow himself to become entangled in a political broil of this character. King Edward has always been credited with being too cautious a diplomat to interfere even in the most distant way with party politics; and least of all, as at present, when the very life of the House of Lords hangs in the balance.

However, it must be a sore trial for the Lords to find one of their own number, one of their patrician blood, a Churchill and a Marlborough, advocating their downfall, crying out that the Lords must pay their way, in place of having it paid for them, as has been the custom ever since there were Lords and Ladies.

Winston Churchill will find, however, that he is bound to be boycotted in his clubs. If he will be a democrat he must expect to be forsaken by his aristocratic friends. A man can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and if some day Winston Churchill is to be Prime Minister of England, as has been predicted, it won't be the Lords who will put him there.

THE COLONEL.

The Question of Insurance.

The Editor, Saturday Night, Toronto:

Dear Sir,—As one engaged in the business of fire insurance, I read with much interest the paragraph in "Saturday Night" of the 6th instant, and while somewhat surprised at the antagonistic attitude you take up towards this important business, can only assume that your conclusions were arrived at without mature consideration of the subject, and without having had put before you the other side of the question.

At the same time, I am thoroughly satisfied that in this matter, as in all matters of public interest, you desire to be fair, and perhaps you will therefore permit me to lay before you as briefly and concisely as possible the actual point at issue at the present time. Before doing so, however, I would like to reply to one of the statements made by you. You say that "if I have the right to seek the markets of the world for goods, I also have the right to secure my insurance—life or fire—where and when I please, provided that the company in which I insure pays a fair and equitable tax in line with the general policy, for the Government must have funds for its maintenance, to obtain which it taxes my importe." You certainly have the right to buy your goods anywhere you like, but you cannot import them into Canada as you please. You must comply with the Customs laws, which apply equally to all and sundry, and you must therefore pay the same rate of duty as your neighbors. Why should you then be allowed to import your insurance on a different principle and by that means permit certain foreign companies to transact business in Canada on a discriminatory basis?

Now, you will agree that fire insurance is a legitimate business and that it is absolutely essential to the carrying on of the trade and commerce of the country, and further, that in the interest of the public it should be properly regulated and supervised. The Parliament of Canada at any rate thinks so, and in its wisdom enacted a law, not at the request of the insurance companies, and not having regard to their particular interest, but in the interest of Canadian insurers entirely, and that law stipulates:—

1. That all Canadian companies shall deposit with the Receiver-General at Ottawa approved securities of the amount of $50,000 for the protection of their policy-holders.

2. That all companies not incorporated in Canada, before being granted a license to transact business in this country, shall deposit similar securities to the extent of $100,000, and in addition sufficient securities to cover the unearned premiums on all risks underwritten when the business of any such company has grown to such an extent that the aforesaid sum of $100,000 is insufficient to cover the premium reserve.

3. All companies licensed by the Dominion Government must make returns of their business to the Superintendent of Insurance annually, and be subject to inspection and examination by the Insurance Department.

4. That all companies licensed by the Dominion Government shall pay their share of the expenses of the Insurance Department.

When it is proposed to grant foreign non-licensed companies the right to transact business in Canada without supervision and regulation, by the payment of a nominal tax of not exceeding 15 cents for each hundred dollars of insurance, and at the same time enacting that all companies doing business in Canada must have a license, the Government is seeking to place on the statute books a law which is self-contradictory.

Again, when no effective provision is proposed for the forcible collection of that tax, what guarantee is there that the country would not be flooded with irresponsible companies of every description that, after having collected large volumes of premiums, might leave their clients to whistle for their money when fires happened and claims had to be made? Where would the protection to the public which the Government intends to afford be then, and why should licensed companies be subjected to such competition?

What is the object of an insurance law at all if, on the one hand, certain companies—because they wish to do business in a lawful manner—must be subjected to certain restrictions and provide certain security for the carrying out of their contracts, and, on the other hand, others may avoid these restrictions and that security by the payment of an infinitesimal tax which could very easily be evaded?

Is the banking law framed on that basis?

Are the laws relating to commercial and industrial corporations dealt with in the same manner?

Why then should the business of fire insurance be treated differently?

If the law in regard to insurance is to continue, then in justice to all it must be made to apply to all, and I have every confidence in the Parliament of Canada to believe that when the new Insurance Bill comes to be finally dealt with it will not depart from the principle of equity and justice which are the inalienable rights of every Canadian citizen; in other words, that there shall be no legislation for one particular class of the community to the detriment of any other class.

Yours truly,
FIRE INSURANCE.

Montreal, 9th November, 1909.

A Rise in Radium.

ONCE it was possible to buy radium at $2.00 a milligramme; now the market price is $90 a milligramme equal to $2,500,000 an ounce.

This was one of the striking statements in a very interesting speech delivered by Sir William Ramsay at the foundation stone laying ceremony the other day of a new radium factory in Limehouse, an eastern suburb of London. The British Radium Corporation, which is going to extract radium from pitchblende found in the Trenwith mine, Cornwall, is believed to be the first company in the world to attempt the production of the precious mineral on a commercial basis.

A secret process, discovered by Sir William Ramsay himself, who is chief consulting chemist to the corporation, will reduce the period of manufacture from nine months to six or seven weeks. Work in the London factory will start at the end of this year, and meanwhile a plant has been erected at St. Ives, Cornwall, where the pitchblende ore will be crushed so that the material for treatment may be sent up to London in the more portable form of concentrate or high-grade ore. Even in this crude state radium makes its presence felt, and heavy rubber gloves have to be worn by those handling it.

It is one of the romances of science that the material in the old days was regarded by the Cornish miners as a nuisance, for it prevented them from obtaining copper from smelting. For a long time it was cast on the dumps or left underground. To-day the comparative value of crude pitchblende ore is far in excess of the gold quartz of Johannesburg or the blue earth of the diamond mines.

A Berlin museum has recently acquired a very valuable manuscript which originated in the second century, B.C. It seems to be of the nature of a biographical dictionary, for it contains a list of the leading men of the time in art, statesmanship, and warfare, with much other general information of a similar nature. The paper was found in the wrappings of a mummy.

WEST DEAN PARK, SUSSEX, THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM JAMES.
It was here that King Edward was stopping when he touched the button throwing open the doors of the Tuberculosis Institute in Montreal

From West Dean Park telegraphic communication was established via Chichester with London, thence by the Commercial Cable Co.'s lines to Nova Scotia, whence it passed over the Canadian Pacific wires to Montreal.

Some time before nine o'clock, the hour fixed for the ceremony (corresponding to four o'clock Montreal time), two instruments at the end of a long table in the operating room of the Commercial Cable Co. in London were kept clear, and at five minutes to nine a test message went through satisfactorily. As the Greenwich current synchronized the clock at nine in the Cable office the King pressed the button at West Dean Park, and a little metal lever was pulled down by the current passing through the coils of the automatic relay machine in London. Before the London lever had risen again similar levers had dipped as the current passed through Waterville and Canso, and within a fraction of a second the electric power awaiting its release at Montreal had opened the doors of the Tuberculosis Institute, unfurled the Union Jack, and switched on all the lights throughout the building.

WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

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WHETHER THE PLAY IS GOOD OR OTHERWISE

'tis well to end the evening with a little after-theatre Supper. The place to have that Supper is

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
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Dunlop Comfort Rubber Heels

made of live rubber —give spring and elasticity to the step. Put on by all shoe dealers. 50 cents the pair.

MADE BY
The Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Company Limited

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Sole Shoes

deserve the attention of every Man and Woman who cares for

HEALTH and COMFORT

These shoes are fitted with a soft felt leather covered CUSHION SOLE which conforms to the exact shape of the foot and acts as a cushion to your every step, and being a non-conductor, keeps your feet dry and warm.

TRY A PAIR

of these comfort giving shoes if you are affected with tender feet.

Not an expensive luxury.

$5 to $6

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street

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Michie's Merry Crackers

Add Enjoyment to all Seasons and occasions. Dinner Parties, Card Parties, Children's Parties, Dances, and Festivities and Entertainments of all kinds.

We are opening up Case after Case of these Fun Creating Novelties, and have a splendid assortment for this Winter.

The range of Colors, Styles, Sizes and Prices is almost unlimited; while the Merry Cracking and Amusing Contents yield Enjoyment worth many times the Cost.

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West
Established 1835

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Condensed reports of Canadian companies having listed securities.
Range of prices of bonds and shares for five years.
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If you own securities this booklet will prove of interest.
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Premium,	$38.86	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$48.45

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The Security—They constitute a first mortgage on standard motive power and equipment at 75 per cent. of cost—are guaranteed by the Railway Company.

They mature at the rate of 10 per cent. annually over a period of ten years.

All safeguards are taken for insurance, maintenance and replacement of property.

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26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

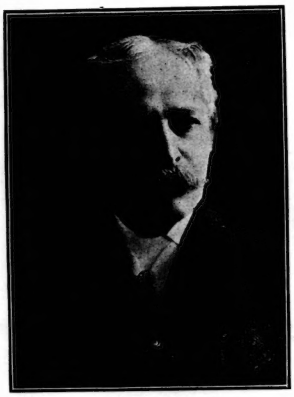
MONTREAL, Nov. 10, 1909.

THE director-maker over at the Bank of Montreal is an artist at his job. He is never in a hurry, and he never makes mistakes. In the summer of 1908 there was a vacancy on the directorate, and it was Charles R. Hosmer's turn to get it. But the director-maker, unmindful of the groanings and supplications of the financial world, let it rack itself with futile guesses until he was good and ready to let out his secret. Then he tapped the right man on the shoulder and bid him come up higher. Since the death of Mr. A. T. Paterson, a few months ago, the financial world has squirmed till it was weary, wondering upon whom the sun would next cast its glad rays. The ordeal is once more over, for the oracle has spoken, and Mr. Alfred Baumgarten has been bidden to the feast. This appointment was probably not quite so generally expected as that of a year ago; but, now that it has been made, everyone agrees that the director-maker is still gifted with discernment and that the big monetary institution on St. James street is fully maintaining the standard of its directorate.

⁂

Sticks to His Own Business.

After you have had a few talks with Alfred Baumgarten, you will begin to understand why it is that, although you met very few people on the street who knew much about him, you were still under the impression that he was one of the leaders of Montreal. Compared with many other names—perhaps with most of other names—supposed to represent social and financial standing, his appears on surprisingly few directorates. On the street, people talk of a score of men as being in control of many enterprises; but, when you leave sugar circles, you are very apt to leave Alfred Baumgarten as a particularly prominent business character, behind. The reason is that he pours practically all his efforts, commercially speaking, upon making a success of the sugar business, and refuses to be sidetracked by the red herring on the trail. On the whole, it has paid him pretty well, too. In a recent list of shareholders of the Bank of Montreal, his name appears opposite 1,800 shares, and there weren't half a dozen bigger figures on the list.



ALFRED BAUMGARTEN,
The newly elected Director of the Bank of Montreal.

⁂

Infant Industry "Doin' Fine."—It was in 1866 that he came to New York, from Germany, the place of his birth. He brought with him a Ph.D. from the University of Goettingen and a taste for art which, strange enough to relate, does not appear to have interfered with his business success. Although his inclinations drew him towards architecture—an art to which he has devoted considerable of his time in the technical schools of Germany—he turned his attention to the manufacture of sugar. However, illustrating the adaptiveness of the molecule called man, he has managed to become a technical expert in the process of sugar manufacture, so that he has the whole process from A to Z at his finger-ends. Abandoning the land of the eagle some years later, he came to Montreal, where he was for some time associated with the De Castro Syrup Co. Then came the time when the people of Canada decided it was a good thing for them—or for someone—to "protect" the wailing, infant industries of this country. The time for the weeping and gnashing of teeth is not yet full—but meantime the infants have been "doin' fine." The protective policy afforded the opportunity for the organization of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery. W. R. Elmenhorst, at Mr. Baumgarten's solicitation, came on and aided in the enterprise, becoming its first president. At his death, some years later, Mr. Baumgarten became head of the company. Since that day he has paid little attention to anything else, from a business standpoint, save the work of making the company a success. In accomplishing this object, he has done a very good thing for the fortunes of Alfred Baumgarten, who is, to-day, one of the wealthy men of Montreal.

⁂

His Hours of Recreation.

Now we can leave the business end of the subject and get over to architecture and fireplaces and home building and all the sort of thing in which Mr. Baumgarten takes such an enjoyment. His house on McTavish street is not very much to look at from the outside, but its interior is one of the show places of Montreal. Thoreau, many of whose quaint philosophies delight the heart, wrote a chapter in "Walden," in which he more or less insists that a man should build his own house. Had he been an economist, he would have understood that, in a sense, all of us do build our own houses. But Mr. Baumgarten not only built his house himself, in an economic sense, but came very near to building it in the Thoreau-sense. He was his own architect, designing it from top to bottom, and he closely supervised the constructing, even though he did not take the trowel and the hammer and the saw in his hands and do the work himself. When a man creates houses in his own mind, even though the other fellow does the work, he may well look upon them with pride. Mr. Baumgarten's house is his pet child. The great, Gothic hall and stairway remind you of old, foreign things—there is nothing like them in any house in Montreal or in Canada. On the second or third floor is a great swimming tank, twenty feet long, into which proprietor Baumgarten takes a header every morning just to put an edge on his appetite and make himself feel good. Once upon a time this swimming tank graced the precincts of the old Montreal Hunt Club, of which Mr. Baumgarten was for a period the man guy-rope and support. Likewise, he was for several years master of the hounds. In those days, I have heard, upon social occasions, oft would a profusion of artificial water lilies and other aquatic flowers cover the surface of the historic tank, while make-believe moons and stage effects tempted the guests to forsake the ballroom.

⁂

An Enviable Fireplace.

In a great room of the big house is a fireplace which does not smoke. When Mr. Baumgarten told me it did not smoke, I asked him to bear in mind the import of his statement. He assured me it was so. "No greater thing hath any man done—how did it happen?" said I. "My invention," was the reply. He then explained how a pipe entered the fireplace from beneath, bringing the air in from the open. The fire-grate was on wheels, and when it was shoved back into the centre of the fireplace, the smoke was simply forced straight up the chimney, and that was all there was to it. The big fireplace, with its chimney, stands in the middle of the room so that everyone can get a chance at it, a most desirable thing with fireplaces. Altogether, there is more individuality about the Baumgarten house than in any other house in Montreal.

⁂

Literature and Politics.

Passing on to literature, Mr. Baumgarten recalled a recent work by a member of the Chamberlin family, now a professor in a Vienna University. Although the author was an Englishman and the book in German, he considered that not in many long years had any book appeared in Germany which so excelled in the mastery of the language. Speaking of German institutions, he said he thought the German taxation laws, by discriminating against the larger and wealthier businesses, had done much to preserve the individuality of the smaller, an achievement with which he was evidently in sympathy. Finally, in the matter of politics, when the conversation turned on the relationship of England and Germany, he showed much concern. He pointed out the similarity of origin between the peoples inhabiting the north of Europe, beginning with Germany and running over to and including England. There could be no essential race animosity between such a people. Rivalry in commercial and educational matters was not a sufficient cause for war between reasonable people. He deprecated the very thought of war and all its fearful consequences, and trusted nothing so calamitous would ever take place. For twenty years Mr. Baumgarten has been a British subject, and he is proud both of the country of his birth and of that of his adoption. T. C. A.

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TORONTO, Nov. 11th.

THE issue of new preferred stock about to be made by the City Dairy Company, Limited, is not a large amount, being only $100,000, but it serves to direct attention to a concern of unusual character. It was in June, 1900, that the company in question was formed. Associated with the enterprise were a number of gentlemen whose standing in the business world was such as to betoken success for any enterprise that they might take in hand. In the position of president was the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey, who long had given a great deal of attention to the production of a milk supply along sanitary lines. Mr. A. E. Ames was called to the office of vice-president. The other members of the initial board were Messrs. S. J. Moore, A. E. Kemp, James Carruthers, J. F. McLaughlin and J. L. Spink. The prospectus of the company offered one thousand preference shares at par, carrying, as a bonus, share for share, one thousand common shares at one hundred dollars each. The $100,000 thus obtained, together with an amount subscribed by the directors, some $72,000, provided the funds necessary to commence operations. Dreadful bore these figures, are they not. So statistical, and yet quite necessary to a proper understanding of what the company has become and may still become. All this money and much more secured out of earnings, has been needed to provide the citizens of Toronto with what they have to-day, but had not then—an ideal milk supply.

⁂

Better Basis for the Milk Supply

It is understood, on the authority of those who are in a position to know, that the Board of Directors and General Manager have adhered, during the nine years of the company's existence, to the object outlined in the original prospectus which stated that the company was formed "for the purpose of establishing a milk supply for the citizens of Toronto and vicinity under thoroughly sanitary conditions." Further, it was given as the opinion of the promoters—an opinion that experience has not served to disprove—that the company would not only do a profitable business for its shareholders, but would, in addition, perform a distinct service to the city "by placing the milk supply upon, perhaps, a better basis than the milk supply of any other city on the continent." In addition to the milk business, so the writer is informed, the company has developed a very large trade in ice cream, and sells, to some extent also, butter, cheese and other milk by-products. Its efficiency in all these respects is due in no small extent to the inspiration imparted by its first president. At that time the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey was president of the Massey-Harris Company, and had in his leisure moments, given a great deal of attention to practical work incident to securing pure milk. He had the prize Jersey herd of Canada on his Dentonia Park Farm, and for two or three years before, he had distributed high grade milk amongst a small circle of his friends by means of two regular delivery wagons.

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	359,311.05

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Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

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Authorized Capital - $6,000,000

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PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

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No delay in withdrawal

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John Robertson & Son Limited, Montreal
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Special Attention Given to Collections.
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Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

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FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - 1881 STEADY
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MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
Corsican .....Nov. 19
MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.
Ionian .....Nov. 20
CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

	From St. John.	From Halifax.
Virginian	Fri, Nov. 26	Sat., Nov. 27
Grampian	Sat., Dec. 4	
Victorian	Fri., Dec. 10	Sat., Dec. 11
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1st class $70.00, $77.50, $80.00, $87.50
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Full information as to sailings, rates etc., on application to THE ALLAN LINE General Agency for Ontario, 77 Yonge St., Toronto.

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"HINTS TO HUNTERS"
The prospective hunter cannot do better than write for a copy of the above booklet—just issued—containing rates, dates of seasons in all the provinces, etc. Phone or write for particulars of special train service.
"Fishing and Shooting" is a handsomely illustrated 50-page booklet, of service to sportsmen.
"OPEN SEASONS, 1909." SPORTSMAN'S MAP"
FREE for the asking at City Ticket Office, King and Yonge Sts., or write R. L. THOMPSON, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

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NEW ENGLAND EXCURSION
NOVEMBER 18TH.
BOSTON, MASS. .....
AYER, MASS. ..... } $15.25
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Return Rates from Toronto.
RETURN LIMIT NOV. 27.
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For the round trip.
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Daily Except Sundays.

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TRADE WOLSEY MARK
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R. PARKER & CO.,
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201 and 791 Yonge St., 50 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

Dividends are Surer than At Cobalt.

The earlier years of the City Dairy Company were somewhat disappointing, in view of the special difficulties of building up a large milk business. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks, the company's preference shares commenced to bear the regular seven per cent. rate of dividend from January 1st, 1905—a rate that has been since maintained. The common shares started dividends at the rate of two per cent. per annum from January 1st, last. Those who went originally into what was an untried venture are consequently, now getting nine per cent. on their money. And that is more than can be said for the great proportion of the Cobalt propositions into which the public in the past five years have rushed with open arms, crying to be despoiled. Of the original directors, the late Mr. W. E. H. Massey was removed by death, and his place was later filled by the election of his brother, Mr. C. D. Massey. Mr. Kemp resigned in the early days, and Mr. McLaughlin not so very long after, these two vacancies being filled by the selection of Messrs. George Weston and T. E. Robertson. On Mr. Massey's death in 1901, Mr. S. J. Moore succeeded to the presidency, and, with the general manager in recent years, Mr. Charles Ed. Potter, is entitled to a great deal of credit for the ultimate success of the company. A month or two ago Mr. A. E. Ames became president, on the occasion of Mr. Moore taking the active presidency of the F. N. Burt Company, Limited.

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Elements of Progress.

The progress which the company has made is evidenced, amongst other things, by the fact, whereas its original issue of preference stock was made at par with a bonus of one hundred per cent. of common stock, an issue was made in 1906 of preference stock at par, simultaneously with an issue of common stock at twenty dollars per share, each subscriber having to take one share of preferred and one of common at the prices named, or multiples thereof. And now the Board of Directors feel warranted in making an issue of $100,000 preference stock at par simply on the merits of the stock as a proven investment. The money received from the new issue is to go to build an addition to the present large fire-proof stable at an estimated cost of $20,000 and to erect a new building a little south of the existing main structure on Spadina crescent to accommodate the ice cream plant and additional power machinery, as well as to provide some $40,000 for the reduction of the bank account. This money, it is claimed, will put the company in a thoroughly strong position, and incidentally, no doubt, it may pave the way for an increase in the dividend upon the common stock a little later on.

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Is a Shrine for Dairy Pilgrims.

The City Dairy Company own the controlling interest in the City Dairy Farms, Limited, a company which operates a dairy farm of over seven hundred acres, thoroughly equipped with barns and other buildings, at New Lowell. The latter company also operates the Dentonia Park Farm, leased from Mrs. W. E. H. Massey, from which is procured certified milk prepared under the most exacting sanitary conditions. It is reported that the profits of the City Dairy Company for the first ten months of this year show a considerable percentage of gain over the same period of last year, and, in view of the steadily increasing surplus over the amount required for preference stock dividends, the directors expect that the shareholders will be glad to subscribe for the full amount of stock now to be offered.

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Difficult to Call turn of Market.

Evidently there is no royal road to wealth in the matter of calling the turns of the market. Stocks may go up or they may go down, with more or less velocity, but few are those who are able to tell, even occasionally, the psychological moment at which to buy or sell. And when a firm of brokers commences to plume itself upon the past successes in this respect, the probabilities are that it is dangerously near the threshold of humiliation. Such was the case with B. H. Scheftels and Company, a New York Curb brokerage house that has met with considerable success in recent months, with, as might be imagined, constant accessions to its clientele. Several times, in recent months, they predicted the course of the market and their prediction was often proved correct. Back in February they foresaw a decline in Nevada-Utah and their clients got out before a loss was recorded. When Montgomery-Shoshone was selling at two dollars they gave warning of an impending break, and later the market price was cut in two. They warned their clients to "stand from under" La Rose and soon this security had experienced a drop of three dollars per share. But the other side of the picture is found in the fact that they said that Ely-Central would yield a profit of at least a thousand per cent. (there is nothing slow about a prediction of that kind) on the market price of four dollars, and only the other day it dropped from $4.25 to $1.50. All of which would tend to show that everyone, in this market gamble, should hitch himself to his own lucky star and trust that, in the end, it won't prove a falling orb.

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Cotton prices Bordered On Panic

While the cotton industry in Canada is in a condition none too flourishing—with mills going on short time, with numerous employees forced into the ranks of the unemployed, and with somewhat discouraging demand for the staple—the cotton market in the United States has been thrown into a condition bordering on panic. Conditions for which few analogies exist have been apparent. Naturally, during the past week, the mind has been carried back to the famous "Sully corner" in the autumn of 1903 and the spring of 1904. But, whereas, in that instance it was not until the last week of the year first mentioned that the price reached 14¼. "May cotton," on the closing day of last October crossed 15 cents. Not since March, 1903, when conditions were approximately normal, has it passed that figure. It will thus be seen that the violent rise of 1903 began much later in the year than the rise of 1909, and that the price that ruled early in the current week is not ordinarily achieved until about three months later. The situation mentioned arises largely because of the poor results of the crop in the Mississippi Valley and the States, bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and is not unassisted by audacious speculative operations such as are frequently seen in a staple market.

Roller Skating Gains in Popularity.

Here, in Toronto, during the past few years the pastime known as roller skating has been in considerable—in constantly increasing —vogue. Much the same condition would appear to obtain in England, where, at London, the Premier Rinks, Limited—a company that operates a whole chain of rinks—has just held its first statutory meeting. One of the agreeable features of the meeting was that the chairman found himself in a position to assure the shareholders that all the promises made in the prospectus, issued last July, had been fulfilled absolutely, insofar as was compatible with less than three months' working. In Canada the alluring hopes held forth by highly colored literature of this character are very frequently designed only for the uses of the moment and are speedily forgotten so soon as the credulous investor has separated himself from his coin. Too often promoters on this side of the water skate perilously near the brink of a term in the penitentiary, and much more frequently than is desirable, they escape their deserts though carrying about with them afterwards a tarnished reputation. While roller skating rinks are plentiful in Toronto, it is not known that the managers have thought of adopting the principal of unification that has evidently worked out so admirably in the case under review. The Premier Rinks, Limited, is able to draft portions of its staff from one rink to another when necessary, supplying temporary extra skate-stocks for special nights. In order to keep up the interest of its patrons the services of instructors are provided, and clubs to conduct competitions have been formed. In this way it is hoped to impart to roller skating as great a degree of permanency in popular esteem as is possessed by ice-skating. An option has been secured on a Single Track Roller Skate—an invention which does away with all noise, and reduced the wheels from four to two, thus rivaling a single-blade ice skate. When this has been placed on the market the pleasure of roller skating will be, doubtless, greatly enhanced.

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C.N.R.'s Gross Earnings Exceed Ten Million.

The Canadian Northern Railway has come to that point where it is in a position to size up the operations for the year ended the thirtieth of June last. While the result so far as the increase in the gross earnings is concerned was not exactly what the directors had expected it would prove—though, even at that, it compared favorably with the increased mileage operated—the future certainly holds much in store for the company. Already the promoters have under construction five parallel main lines across the wheat belt of the Northwest—a fact that would appear to indicate that the criticism frequently heard regarding the over-doing of railway building in that section has no great —Buying Corregios.

depth. When one railway finds it necessary to have five arteries of traffic, there certainly appears to be room for additional companies to feel out other avenues of trade in the same region. The unusually quiet business conditions throughout the Dominion had much to do with curtailing the earnings of the Canadian Northern, but despite that circumstance, the company's gross earnings, for the first time in its history, crossed the ten million mark, totalling $10,581,767. The working expenses were $7,015,405, leaving net earnings of $3,566,362. The surplus for the year, after the fixed charges were met, was $646,745.

INVESTOR.

Short Interests in Cobalts.

A MINING boom, like any other boom, is largely, purely in fact, emotional. Reason has been distanced long before boom features have developed; it is largely a question of follow your leader.

These "platitudinous generalities," to use the Vice-Regal phrase, are stated only to point out their working and abuse in Cobalt camp. Some time ago Cobalt Lake struck a new vein, or the case I have in mind was the "striking," which, in this case, meant the finding, of a small seam of calcite on the station grounds property running towards Cobalt Lake. The incident was made the basis of manipulation and the stock advanced five cents on the exchanges. Now, a five cent advance in Cobalt Lake means an appreciation of $200,000. How ridiculous this all is will be appreciated when one considers that the "find" was not on the property, and that the vein was barren and has remained so. The cutting of the La Rose dividend and what followed shows the danger of inflated values and over-capitalization. So far as La Rose itself is concerned, the action is no doubt in the best interests of the stockholders, and the indications are that the stock will hold steady with an upward tendency. It is an open secret that a large short interest exists in the stock.

That the "short side" is being played by an ever increasing number of speculators is evident, which accounts for many of the gyrations of this market. It is more than probable that the late market advance in Crown Reserve was caused by impulsive purchases by the short interest. Crown Reserve may be summed up as follows: About $1,000,000 in liquid assets, or 50 cents per share on the $2,000,000 issued capitalization. Take 50 cents from the present market price of the stock, $5.50, and you have $5 per share, or $10,000,000 in clear profits to be dug out of the ground. Ten per cent. goes to the Ontario Government, so that adds another million odd necessary.

But the ordinary individual is not satisfied to tie up his money for five years for nothing; he wants a profit. Suppose we add $5,000,000 for profits; that makes $16,000,000. Now, something to pay for getting out the ore, say $4,000,000, or $20,000,000, which is approximately the amount of money which must be taken from the mine in the next four years to justify its present price, that is, unless it has an extraordinary life.

This is the bear view of Cobalt's most spectacular mine, but the bears are most leary of Crown Reserve. A large number of speculators went short at 40 cents, and suffered. They came in again in a small way above $3, and are still following it. The professional does not know what to make of this move of the directors declaring the promised bonus and dividend so far in advance of disbursement day. Some say it was done to make a market in which the process of unloading might be initiated. One argument of the bears is strong, and that is, that the case of the man who got his stock for nothing, which is the case of a great number of Crown Reserve insiders, the temptation to let it go around $5 must be very strong, especially in view of recent events and developments. It is said that the problem of handling Kerr Lake is appealing very strongly to the Crown Reserve at present. In this connection, it will be remembered that the largest body of ore developed on Cobalt Lake had to be abandoned for the reason that continued work would let in the Lake. Crown Reserve is in much the same position, and unless Kerr Lake is drained, a great wealth of ore must be left in the stopes to keep back the Lake.

COBALT.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Dividend Notice
Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.
The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive.
By order of the Board,
J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.
Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

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Nov. 20—Lake Erie	Nov. 3	Dec. 11—Lake Manitoba	Nov. 24
		Dec. 24—Steamer	Dec. 16
		Dec. 31—Corsican (chartered)	Dec. 17

Extra steamer from W. St. John to LONDON, Dec. 8th, MONTROSE, carrying second cabin passengers at $42.50 and third class, $27.50.
Rates for third class passage to Liverpool or London on "LAKE" steamers now $27.50.
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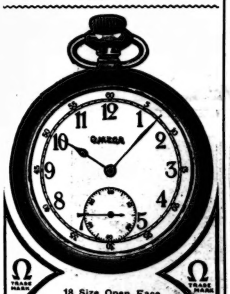

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A blend of high-grade Turkish, other Oriental and American Tobaccos; sufficient of each to give a distinct exquisite flavor obtained in no other cigarette.

Ten for 15 cents

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1909.

IT was a wan smile that played over the features of Tammany, as it tried to live up to its tradition of cheerfulness on election night. The old Fourteenth Street organization has had its ups and downs. Occasionally it has been swept from office by an outraged community. But in its darkest days, Tammany never suffered so ironical a defeat as on Tuesday last. It elected its Mayor, to be true, and at a distance its prestige may thereby seem unimpaired. But Tammany knows just how barren that victory is, and how lean the outlook is for the next four years.

Under ordinary circumstances this was a Tammany year. Tammany had, confident of victory, chosen a ticket after its own heart, from Judge Roesch down. It would have preferred to make the entire ticket "regular," but Judge Gaynor loomed large on the horizon as an independent democrat. To make success doubly sure, therefore, and against its own personal desires, it chose this "idol of the Brooklyn democracy" to head it. There was never a moment in the campaign that Tammany did not honestly regret its choice. Never did a candidate appear to worse advantage on the hustings. His temperamental unfitness for the high office to which he aspired was proved from the start. His ego publicly pricked for the first time, set him whining impatiently of persecution. Instead of bringing into the Tammany column that independent personal following of which he boasted, he barely managed to hold the "regulars." He was elected for no other reason than that the anti-Tammany vote for mayor was divided between Bannard and Hearst. On all the other candidates the anti-Tammany vote was united and Tammany lost. The result is not very flattering to Gaynor, and is positively disgusting to Tammany. Tammany has won the mayoralty, which it did not want, with a candidate it wanted still less, and lost the Board of Estimate on which its existence depends. To say that reform has been beaten in New York is therefore a misapprehension of the situation. Ask the "tiger."

* * *

JUST as Mrs. Stetson's spiritual subjection seemed complete and the Boston hierarchy had proved itself once more a spiritual autocracy that any mediæval pope might envy, the First Church of Christ Scientist, consisting of fifteen hundred members, bursts into flaming revolt, runs up the flag of its dethroned leader and defies the Mother Church to do its worst. Early in the week Mrs. Stetson published an avowal of complete loyalty to the authorities in Boston. A few days later in a six-hour session that can only be described as "rough house", her old congregation, by a majority vote, exonerated her of all the charges of malpractice brought against her. A schism now seems inevitable with a lively dispute between the contending factions over the possession of the two million dollar church.

From the point of view of the ordinary observer the church would seem to be "facing a serious crisis in its government." One of your correspondents, however, says not, possibly on the theory that nothing can be serious where nothing is. The mental operations of our metaphysical brethren has long been recognized as unique. Mrs. Stetson and several of her practitioners for instance, adopted a form of mental legerdemain which allowed them to testify from two conflicting view points. According to this doctrine there are two beings in one—a mental being and a mortal being—the "absolute," the former of which could do things without in any way involving the latter, and which the latter could properly deny or repudiate. This mental reservation is known as the "fourth dimension" of the spirit.

* * *

THE New Theatre, of which we have heard and read so much, has been formally opened to the public. Many interesting things have been told of this New Theatre, but the question "Why is the New Theatre?" remains unanswered. That it cost over two million we are ready to credit. That its appointments are luxurious, that it has six coat rooms instead of one, prove an earnest solicitude for our creature comfort and happiness. But theatres are begotten of an idea, have some definite fixed plan in mind, of which cloak rooms and foyers are merely incidentals. In what sense is it to be a New Theatre? A small theatre devoted to the literary drama, on the lines, say, of the Court Theatre in London, we could understand and welcome. The size of the New Theatre unsuits it utterly for the modern drama, which is intimate and analytical. That it is to be a repertory house, is in its favor, but what is to be the standard of acting and what the standard of plays?

The opening performance of "Anthony and Cleopatra" only adds to our perplexity. There was something very familiar about it all, something very like Broadway and the old dramatic fare. Neither Sothern nor Marlowe was happily cast and the entire performance proved laboriously dull and tiresome. The start has not been fortunate if the founders and management have anything unique in mind.

Meanwhile we have Mr. Percy Mackaye's ode to give wings to our hopes:

Awake, awake, awake,
Spirits of Aspiration!
And hasten to renew
Your ministering vows;
For lo! the Prince of Faery
Returns within your walls,
Back from his ancient bright dominions.
Awake, awake, awake,
For he is crowned again.

But who is he, the Prince of Faery?
Of Hellas he was god, a swan was he in Avon
But who was he, the Prince of Faery?
Of little children lord, of men and angels master;
Within the human mind he rules the world.

* * *

WE have had a number of interesting additions to our theatrical repast in the past fortnight. Stephen Phillips's "Herod", with Mr. William Faversham and Miss Julie Opp, in the leading roles: "Israel," by Henri Bernstein, author of "The Thief"; Alfred Sutro's "The Builder of Bridges", with Kyrle Bellew; and a dramatic version of Locke's "Idols".

This week social interest will centre in the Horse Show and the Manhattan Opera opening. In addition to this rather full entertainment we are promised two new plays, "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch, at the New Theatre; and "Seven Days," which supersedes "The Man from Home," at the Astor, after an uninterrupted run of two years.

J. E. W.

Celebrities Who Were Scientific and Artistic.

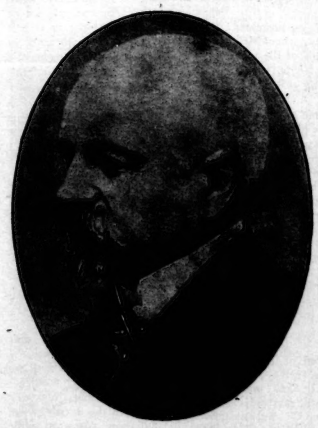
ARTISTS, who in their own work are always inventing, are not as a rule remarkable for their ingenuity in mechanical or scientific contrivance—at least, not the artists of to-day; Leonardo da Vinci is said to have possessed a knowledge of science that was far ahead of most of the professors of his time. We are reminded, however, by the Fulton celebrations in New York that Leonardo was not the only combination of painter-scientist of whom we have any record. Fulton, to whose inestimable services as a pioneer of steam navigation America recently paid tribute, was by profession a painter of portraits and landscape.

It is curious that Morse, another of America's great inventors, was also an artist. The originator of the electro-magnetic telegraph was a native of Massachusetts, who, like Fulton, fifty years earlier, visited London for the purpose of studying art. Morse, who went over with Washington Allston, a gifted young painter who died later in America, was a student at the Royal Academy, and won a prize there for modelling. He also exhibited at the Royal Academy a colossal picture of "The Dying Hercules."

Morse, when in London, lived with another young American art student, C. R. Leslie, afterwards a Royal Academician, and the father of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A. Benjamin West, who, as a young man, had been the patron and teacher of Fulton, was in his old age the instructor of Morse, who returned to America and followed with considerable success the profession of artist, and was made President of the School of Design in New York. It is said that the idea of the great invention that afterwards made him famous only crossed his mind when on board ship returning to America after a second artistic sojourn in England.

Vilhjalmar Stetansson, in writing of his thirteen months' stay among the Eskimos, tells in Harper's Magazine of their great kindness to a guest who could not pay for his keep, a stranger whose purpose among them they did not know: "In an Eskimo home I have never heard an unpleasant word between a man and his wife, never seen a child punished nor an old person treated inconsiderately. The household affairs are carried on in an orderly way and the good behavior of the children is remarked by practically every traveller. In many things we are the superiors of the Eskimo; in a few we are his inferiors. The moral value of some of his superiority is small. He can make better garments against cold than our tailors and furriers; he can thrive in barren wastes where a New Englander would starve. But of some of his superiority the moral value is great. He has developed individual equality further than we, he is less selfish, more helpful to his fellows, kinder to his wife, gentler to his child, more reticent about the faults of his neighbor than any but the rarest and best of our race. When I tried to express thanks for their kindness in my fragmentary Eskimo, they were more surprised than pleased. "Do, then, in the white man's land, some starve and shiver while others eat much and are warmly clad?' To that question I said 'No,' although I knew I was lying. I was afraid the competitive system could not be explained to them satisfactorily; neither was I, being the poorest among them, very anxious to try justifying it.

Why is it that a man's hat has a band, and why is it this band has a bow invariably on the left side? The answer is that there was a time when a piece of cloth adjusted to the head and tied with a band of other material served for a headpiece. The reason the bow was always placed on the left side had its origin in the fact that in wielding a sword—an accomplishment possessed by nearly everyone of consequence at one period of the world's history—the bow or rosette, if placed on the right side would have been in the way. Its present day utility is that it keeps most men from wearing their hats hind side before, and although with most hats that would not matter, with most heads it does.



SENOR FRANCISCO FERRER,
the eminent educationist, who was murdered by the Spanish Government on the unsubstantiated charge of having taken part in plots against the State. With the death of Ferrer, shot down as he was without a fair trial, the inquisition was revived. The death of Ferrer meant the downfall of the Maura Cabinet, and it would not be surprising if it meant eventually the downfall of the Spanish king.

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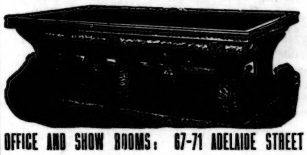

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There are altogether about 65 different designs in the lot, which embraces twin, single, medium and double sizes in designs that are distinctly different from the ordinary run. The range of price is very wide, starting at $17.00 for a nice bedstead with two-inch posts, and ending at $95.00, which is the price of a massive square tube design.

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36-38 KING ST. W.
TORONTO.

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
CUT A BONE IN IT.)
Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.
IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. SHIRLEY DENISON gave a very successful bridge on Wednesday, and the fortunate winner of the prizes rejoiced in one more dainty and beautiful cup and saucer to adorn their tea-tables. Mrs. Denison wore a soft pink satin gown with handsome embroidered trimming. Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick poured tea and coffee at the little feast which finished the afternoon. The table was decorated with small double gold 'mums.

Miss Edith Cross is to be presented this evening, also Miss Campbell-Noble, Miss Wrong, and Miss Blake. Many other Torontonians are in Ottawa.

Mrs. Samuel Beard is giving a tea next Wednesday at her residence, 502 Huron street. Mrs. John Wright is giving a tea for her niece, Miss Phyllis Moffatt's debut next Friday afternoon, at 56 St. Alban street. Mrs. Jack Alley is giving a tea next Friday at 15 Madison avenue. Mrs. George J. Webster, 115 Delaware avenue, is giving a tea for her daughter's debut on Wednesday, Nov. 24.

Wednesday was a very busy day in social doings. Three proud mothers presented charming little daughters to their congratulating friends who are doing more than wishing a happy season to the girls, as never have so many things been *en train* in their honor as this year. Beside the debutantes there were two brides receiving and one big gathering to say farewell to a bride elect. Mere common or garden teas and bridge parties had also their quota of guests, and many a smart dame was glad to spend the evening quietly at home after two or three hours of rushing about. One of the debutante's teas was given by Mrs. W. Crowther, 150 St. George street, to present her second girl, Miss Lulu Crowther. At this tea a very smart crowd of relatives and friends assembled. Mrs. Crowther, in a dainty lavender gown and the debutante loaded with exquisite flowers, received in the first drawingroom, and a brilliant tea-table in the diningroom was centered with a huge basket of yellow blooms, the "baby 'mums" that are so popular nowadays. The girls assisting were remarkably pretty and bright including several handsome debutantes.

MRS. REGINALD McKENNA,
Wife of the British Cabinet Minister.

The dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reid for their daughter's debut was one of the jolliest ever held at McConkey's. Youth and beauty with flying feet chased the hours away, and about eleven, with healthy appetites, enjoyed the excellent supper served in the Palm room. Mrs. Reid, in grey satin, handsomely trimmed, and the winsome little debutante in a lovely pink dress, daintily embroidered, received at the entrance to the ballroom, which was newly done up for the season, and looked very spic and span. A table full of flowers, and two boquets which were alternately carried by Miss Evelyn, were much admired. The guests were nearly all young folks, half a dozen young married folks, and two or three older matrons being asked to enjoy the "children's frisk." The party was carried on with great *eclat*, and I have never seen better and more graceful dancers. Space quite fails to name a tithe of them.

Senator Melvin-Jones was unable to get to the Capital this week, but will go East on Tuesday.

Next Wednesday, at eight o'clock p.m., the marriage of Miss Gertrude Rebecca Ross and Mr. Frederick Taylor will be celebrated at 36 Adelaide street east.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge gave a tea and a bridge on Thursday and Friday afternoons last week, both of which were much enjoyed by her friends, the cordial welcome of the jolly hostess and the gentle greeting of her mother, Mrs. Cameron, being heartily extended to the large company. Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton and Miss Birchall poured tea, and Misses Harman, Boulton, and Lockhart-Gordon assisted.

A delightfully pretty home and two beaming hostesses greeted callers at Meadowbank on Monday, when Mrs. Alexander and Miss Rowand received. Some of the visitors had a peep at an interesting portrait of Mrs. Jamieson and her baby boy, a very bright looking infant.

On Thursday night there was a royal time at the cosy Victoria Club, when a send-off smoker was given to Mr. Ned Garrow, who is leaving for Winnipeg to take an important position. It is no vain flattery to say that Mr. Garrow is perhaps the most popular man in his club, and some sixty of his friends told him so on Thursday night. A valuable pearl pin was their by-by gift to Mr. Garrow, Mr. De Leigh Wilson making the presentation. Mr. Glackmeyer, an old time member, and several others spoke of the sincere regard of the party for Mr. Garrow and their regret at his removal from Toronto.

St. Andrew's Society dinner will be held at McConkey's on November 30. I hear of an unusual departure under discussion for the feast, but it may be only "havers."

One of the smartest weddings ever seen in Tillsonburg was solemnized by Rev. Jas. Brown at Heywood, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell Ross, when their youngest daughter, Jessie MacKay, was married to Mr. Theodore Kipp, Jr., of Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday evening, November 3. At 8.30 o'clock the bride entered the library with her father, preceded by her little cousin, Nora Wood, of London, and her nephew, Ross Robertson, carrying yellow satin ribbons. The bride wore a gown of silk net, heavily embroidered in silk and chenille over white satin, and veil with coronet of orange blossoms, the groom's gift, a beautiful pearl pendant, and carried a shower boquet of orchids and lily of the valley. The bride's sister, Miss Ada Claire Ross, made a dainty bridesmaid in a beautiful Irish lace gown over yellow satin. Mr. John Loudon, of Tillsonburg, was best man. The bride's mother wore a gown of silk net and silver cloth, embroidered in silver over white satin. Mrs. Kipp, mother of the bridegroom, looked very well in a gown of gray satin. Later in the evening the bride and bridegroom left for New York, the bride attired in a tailored costume of *bois de rose* serge, with black fox furs and handsome beaver hat with willow plumes.

There was an official dinner at Government House on Tuesday evening in celebration of the King's birthday, which, no matter how the date may be trifled with in England, we still observe on the real day when Albert Edward made his debut in this world of sin and sorrow, and also good cheer.

Mrs. Moody, of 40 North Sherbourne street, was another mother bringing out a daughter, a fair-haired, graceful girl, whom every one admires. Mrs. Moody, in a rich satin gown, *cendres rosees*, in tint, and trimmed with gold embroideries, and the pretty debutante in soft white satin with beautiful flowers in her arms, and all about, received in the drawingroom. The tea-table was centered with immense 'mums, and decorated with crystal vases holding the debutante's name-flower lilies, with an exquisite mauve orchid in the centre of each boquet. The effect was most lovely. A bevy of pretty girls were waiting on the guests.

Mrs. A. W. Maclachlan, 183 Carlton street was the third hostess who had a pretty daughter to present. Miss Maida's charming face and attractive manner have already made her loads of friends and admirers. She also wore white satin, and carried many flowers, her mother receiving in a black and gold costume, and Miss Wills, of Ottawa, sister of the hostess, receiving with them. Miss Wills wore a pale grey gown, lightly touched with shell-pink. The tea-table was done in gold and crimson with 'mums and Richmond roses, and the girls were sister buds and friends of the debutante.

Mrs. Lawrence Buchan is still detained in Montreal by business, but will be in Toronto later on. Some five hundred letters of condolence on the decease of General Buchan have overwhelmed her with correspondence, to which she is attending personally. Her Toronto friends send her many kind thoughts, and will be glad to see her when her duties allow of her coming West.

The most interesting of all teas on Wednesday was that given by Mrs. Remy Elmsly, at Barnstable, as a farewell to Miss Gertrude Elmsly, second daughter of the hostess, who has gone to England to be married next month. The beautiful old home, scene of so many good times, and one of the few traditional homesteads still left in Toronto, was filled with the cream of Toronto society, many of whom had known the handsome bride-elect from her birth. Mrs. Elmsly received in a faint tinted mauve gown, and the bride-elect bravely faced the ordeal of farewell, which was really a grief to her many firm friends in Toronto. There were several graceful young maidens looking after the usual hospitable tea-tables at Barnstable, the Misses Denison, Miss Murphy and some others, and Mr. Elmsly, with his son, was a capital host. If Miss Gertrude Elmsly realizes in her married life half of the happiness she was wished on Wednesday, she will have a very enviable lot. Many a dainty gift went with the good wishes to this highly esteemed lady.

Mrs. Gilbert Stairs received with her mother at Roslyn, Rosedale, on Wednesday, wearing her bridal gown of white satin. An immense lot of callers thronged to see the bride, one of the most beloved of many brides who have gone from us to make homes in far parts of Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Stairs went to Ottawa afterwards and the bride will be presented this evening.

Mrs. Frank S. Allan (formerly Miss Abbie Morrison) will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 16 and 17, at 40 De Lisle avenue, Deer Park.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Ellen Regan, daughter of the late Mr. William Regan, of Bothwell, Ontario, to Mr. Henry Edward Todd, manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada, Wetaskiwin, Alberta, son of Mr. Edward Todd, Owen Sound, Ontario.

Mrs. Bryer B. Hunter (*nee* Pipall) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her home, 21 Walter street, on Friday, November 19, afternoon and evening, and afterwards on the third Friday of each month.

Mrs. Allan Adams, whose marriage took place in September, received this week. The bride's mother, Mrs. Charles Norris, received with her, as did also Mrs. Adams, of Whitby, mother of the groom. The bride wore her wedding dress of lace over satin, and was surrounded in the drawingroom of her Jarvis street home by Killarney roses, of which she wore a few, bunched in her corsage. Mrs. Ransome poured tea in the dining room, which was decorated with Marguerite and barberry. Those assisting were: her bridesmaid, Miss Alice Morine, the Misses Maud and Ida Ellis, Miss Mary Walton, Miss Edna Cromarty, Miss Florence Bowes and Miss Jessie Balmer, of Oakville.

Every Woman who keeps house should know

St. Lawrence Sugar

"Granulated"
"Golden Yellows"
"Extra Ground"
or Icing Sugar
"Powdered Sugar"
"Crystal Diamonds"

Each of these brands is guaranteed absolutely pure, and the choicest Sugar of its kind in the Dominion.

MADE ONLY FROM CANE SUGAR.

Remember to order "St. Lawrence Sugar" whenever you buy.

The ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL. 21

CHRYSANTHEMUMS (The Queen of Autumn Flowers)
ARE HERE IN ALL THEIR GLORY

Dunlop's
96 YONGE ST. Toronto, Can.

are showing the choicest blooms, also American Beauties, Violets, Orchids, Lily of the Valley, and all seasonable flowers. Owning and operating our own greenhouses we can furnish the freshest flowers. Design work a specialty. Send for Price List.

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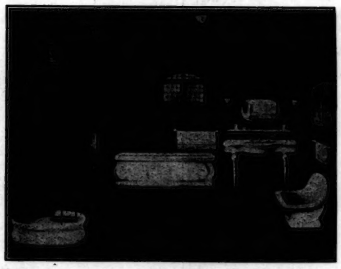
(YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS)

Our Candy Department is showing some most delicious confections.

Chocolates and Bon Bons at 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per pound box.

Also a large assortment of Candies at 30c. per lb., such as Cream Almonds, Cream Wafers, Creams and Jersey Caramels, Assorted Taffies, etc.

FRESH FROM OUR FACTORY EVERY DAY



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Unless you investigate carefully, it is easy enough to be fooled in the purchasing of bathroom fixtures. Be careful. Look about you and make inquiries among your friends. Inquire particularly of those who have installed

"ALEXANDRA" WARE

They'll tell you it is not only more than satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint, but also EXCEPTIONALLY DURABLE.

Made of cast iron, covered both inside and out with heavy porcelain enamel, it is beyond all question the ideal ware for modern bathrooms.

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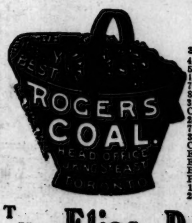

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246 Broadview Ave.
Cor. Hamburg Ave. and Bloor Street
26 Dundas W., Toronto Junction.
793 Yonge Street
306 Queen Street E.
Cor. Agnes St. and Centre Ave.
Esplanade E., near Berkeley Street
Esplanade E., foot of Church Street
Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing
1131 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing
256-258 Lansdowne Avenue.
1368 Queen Street W.
92 Royce Avenue
119 Parliament Street
2168 Queen Street E.
235 Roncesvalles Ave.
1088 Bathurst St.
1096 Bloor Street W.
562 Bloor Street W.

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Rub your hands, face and neck gently with

SANITOL FACE CREAM

The Oxygen Face Cream

Its healing and purifying properties instantly become active. Its work is not on the surface—but in the pores. That's because Sanitol Face Cream is instantly absorbed. The oxygen in it neutralizes the impurities in the pores—feeds the blood vessels and leaves that transparency which is the sign of a perfectly healthy skin.

Being absorbed quickly and containing no grease, Sanitol Face Cream is *convenient* to use at any time. No danger of soiling anything with which it comes in contact.

25c.

everywhere

OUR BUILDING SALE

is now in full swing—everything arranged — discounts all marked, goods sorted for easy selection; in fact, we have spared no effort to make this Building Sale a most important event for your Xmas shopping

We have put a price reduction on our entire stock of from

20 to 50 Per Cent.

Just imagine what that means, when you consider our usual moderate prices. Is the inducement not enticing—so much that you see the advisability of choosing your Xmas Gifts now? We lay aside your selection on a small deposit.

Remember our entire stock is under discount—no reserve. Everything marked in plain figures, which makes selection so easy.

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Miss Campbell

Ladies' Costumes made to suit each figure. Individuality Assured. In the latest modes. Also Evening Wraps.

The Manager has had several years' experience in New York.

Telephone College 2348.

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THE GREATEST AMERICAN PIANIST

MASSEY MUSIC HALL,

Monday Evening, November 29th

Seats $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts., 50 cts.

PLAN OPEN NOVEMBER 25th.

The first essential for Underwear

Warmth without Weight

We ensure you this with

DR. JAEGER'S PURE WOOL

FROM $3.00 SUIT

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WREYFORD & CO.

85 KING ST. W., TORONTO

ACADIA BONELESS CODFISH

No bones or waste, nothing but pure Adriatic Codfish with a delicate seasalness.

IN 2 LB. BOXES AND 1 LB. TABLETS AT YOUR GROCERS.

ALEX. MILLARD
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Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Society at the Capital

TEAS, which followed one another in rapid succession, were the principal features of last week's social round. Many of these were given to introduce bright young debutantes who are preparing to join in the prospective festivities of the coming winter, and several very smart gatherings had as their special guest a popular bride-elect. Miss Bessie Keefer, whose marriage to Mr. George Robert Sweeny, of Toronto, has been arranged to take place at St. Bartholomew's Church, New Edinburgh, on Saturday, November 20, at two o'clock. In Miss Keefer's honor the Misses Haycock entertained on Tuesday, when their guests included all our younger matrons and attractive girls. Mrs. Fred Booth and Mrs. P. E. Ryan presided at a table prettily arranged with chrysanthemums and ferns.

On Thursday the same popular young lady was again the principal guest of a particularly pleasant afternoon gathering of which Mrs. Pennington Macpherson was the hostess, and on this occasion Mrs. Gordon Brown and Mrs. Venn Henderson did duty at the table in the dining-room, with a bevy of attentive girls to assist them. The guest of honor looked extremely well in a gown of primrose silk with a large white beaver hat trimmed with primrose and white plumes. All the bright young girls of the Capital responded to Mrs. Macpherson's invitation which afforded them another opportunity of wishing their companion all the good things in life in her future home, which everyone regrets is not to be among them. The Bishop of Toronto is expected in Ottawa on the 19th to officiate at Miss Keefer's marriage to his brother and will, during his stay here, be the guest of His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton in Wilbrod street. Other visitors who will come from Toronto to be present at this interesting wedding are Mrs. Delamere and her daughter, Miss Elsie Keefer, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Bickford.

Sir John, Lady, and Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams, who will very soon be sailing for their new home in Scotland, spent the greater part of last week in Montreal as the guests of Sir George and Lady Drummond, and while there were the special guests of some very smart farewell festivities. Several charming functions were also given in the Capital by Miss Gladys Hanbury William's various young friends, and others are en train for this week. Miss Gladys Carling was the hostess of one of these, a luncheon at the Country Club on Tuesday, and besides all the attractive young Ottawans who are usually to be met on these occasions, some of the out-of-town guests present were Miss Olive Mills and Miss Norah Gwynne, of Toronto; Miss Lillian Ogilvie, of Brockville; Miss Gabrielle Larue and Miss Marjorie Webb, of Quebec; all of whom are enjoying a short stay in Ottawa with friends.

Her Excellency, Lady Grey, entertained at a charmingly arranged tea at Government House on Saturday afternoon, thus giving Miss Hanbury Williams's many friends another chance of having a few moments' chat with her before her departure, which each and all so much regret. Mrs. H. K. Egan has invited a number of young people to a dance at her residence in Cartier street next Wednesday, when Miss Hanbury Williams will be the guest of honor; and the Misses Macleod Clark entertained at the tea hour to-day when the guests were invited especially to meet Lady Hanbury Williams.

Other tea hostesses during the week were Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, who on Wednesday gave a farewell five o'clocker for Miss Norah Gwynne who has returned to her home in Toronto; the Misses Burn of Metcalfe street, whose special guests on Tuesday were the Misses Bessie and Norah Gordon; Mrs. James F. Cunningham, who introduced her daughter Miss Margaret Cunningham on Thursday; Mrs. Hazen Hansard; Miss Marjorie Blair; Mrs. Percy Aylwin, in honor of Madame Roy of Edmonton, and Mrs. W. W. Cory wife of the Deputy Minister of the Interior, who on two successive afternoons introduced her elder daughter Miss Edith. Thursday being devoted to her married friends and Friday to the younger members of society.

The marriage of Mr. Michael Davis, son of Mr. M. P. Davis, the well-known contractor, to Miss Florence Allan of St. Paul, Minn., has been arranged to take place in that city on November 17. Mr. M. P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Mr. D'Arcy Magee, the latter of whom will act as the groom's best man, will all go to St. Paul to attend the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cassils, who have recently returned from a year's residence in England, have leased Mrs. J. A. Gemmill's handsome residence, "Cliffside," for the winter, and Mrs. Gemmill, with her two sons, Mr. Herbert and Master Patrick, will spend the next few months travelling abroad. Lieutenant James Gemmill, of the Royal Engineers, who has been on furlough for a month, left last week to rejoin his regiment at Plymouth, England.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Nov. 8, 1909.

Social and Personal.

MRS. GIBSON will receive on Thursday, Nov. 18, at Government House. Owing to the absence of His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, at the opening of Parliament this week, the reception is advanced to the date above mentioned.

Mrs. Clarkson, (*nee* Baines), received in her charming new home in Bedford road on Wednesday, and was inundated with visitors.

Mrs. Folingsley gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday, assisted by Mrs. Driffield, and their fairy-girl, Kathleen Skey, who is more a cherished pet of the house than ever, since her narrow escape from death by drowning last July. Mrs. Skey was, unfortunately, indisposed, and was very much missed by all. The tea-table at Mrs. Folingsley's was centered with a huge mound of pink roses, beautiful and crisply fresh, and the tea was very largely attended.

Pretty Miss Juliette Gauthier, who was helping at Mrs. Alexander's on Monday, said adieu to her friends, and has returned to Ottawa this week.

A great many dinners are on next week, and His Honor will not stretch his legs under his own mahogany for several evenings.

The Voice of the Selkirks.

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

WHAT is the meaning and trend of their motion,
These fevered and restless things at our feet?
They wander and fret like the waves of an ocean,
With their rage as vain and their hours as fleet.

Trampled and torn by the hooves of disaster,
O'ertaken by thirsts and hungers and fears.
Defiant of torrents no daring shall master,
They hurl their wills in the face of the years.

They come as the rainfall, and go as the river;
We listen impassive and wonder and wait,
Abiding the hour that our womb shall deliver
The passionless silence of ultimate fate.

'Tis we who have known not of tumult and fever,
'Tis we who are patient and measured and sure,
'Tis we who are done with desires for ever,
'Tis we who are passive, *shall live and endure.*

'Tis we who are silent and changeless and quail not,
'Tis we who persist through immovable peace,
'Tis we who have seen that their efforts avail not,
Exult, and survive, *and never shall cease!*

—Canada-West Monthly.

In the State of Maine the fees collected from non-resident hunters, resident guides, and other licenses and the fines paid for violation of the fish and game laws amount to between $40,000 and $45,000 annually (according to Outing Magazine). In addition to this, the State of Maine in the last fifteen years has appropriated $25,000 yearly for the propagation and protection of fish. The only funds at the disposition of the game commission are those received from the license fees and fines. This year, however, the appropriation for the fish hatcheries was increased to $35,000; next year it will be $45,700. The income to the State in general as a result of visiting fishermen and hunters to the inland territory, exclusive of the summer resort business on the coast, the best authorities estimate is over $15,000,000. Several years ago a partial canvass of the State inland territory was made, and although incomplete, it showed that nearly 134,000 persons came that season to fish, hunt, or spend a vacation. The average amount spent by such visitors is not far from $100 per person.

A Kentuckian avows he owes his long life to a steady diet of pie. This is not strange, observes The Augusta Herald, for it has long been noted that office holders generally are a long-living tribe.

J. M. BARRIE,
The well-known author-playwright, who has probably received more money than any other English writer in royalties from his plays. By his right is Henry James.

MRS. J. M. BARRIE,
Who was recently divorced by her husband. Before her marriage she was an actress and appeared in one of Barrie's plays.

It is not the song of the siren that does the damage, but the ears that hear it.—Smart Set.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto, Nov. 13, 1909.

In the Interior Decorating Dept.

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

THE Drapery Department occupies practically the entire fourth floor of the New Building, the Carpet Department taking up the old part. We will take the various sections in order in a rapid survey of this interesting stock:

First the Silkoline Section

At 15c. a yard.
For screen filling.
Small curtains.
Secondary bedroom curtains.
Dressing Tables.
These goods will wash.
The designs may be just as good as in higher priced fabrics, but the material being of a light transparent cotton you obtain a very nice effect at trifling expense.
Designs include Japanese, English and American designs (including some of the famous Colonial Fabrics.)
People buy these goods 50 and 60 yards at a time to decorate entire rooms. In two or three months they change the scheme of decoration, and silkoline is so inexpensive it does not work out as an extravagant idea at all.
We have patterns, a really wonderful choice at 15c. a yard. 36 inches wide.

Art Sateen is Close By

A little heavier than silkoline, and not transparent.
15c. to 35c. a yard.
32 to 36 inches wide.
Sateen is useful for bed comforters, being down proof. For cushions, bedroom boxes, etc.

Chintz—For Bedrooms

Some of the prettiest of modern bedrooms are done in chintz throughout.
We have colorings to match all styles of wall papers.
English chintz, 40c. a yard.
Turkish Chintz, 15c. a yard.
Dutch chintz from Amsterdam, 35c. and 40c.
Linen chintz, hand blocked, $2.00.

Sash Muslin

Casement windows and bedroom windows often look best with sash curtains. We sell the muslin by the yard.
40 and 50 inches wide, 20c. to 40c.
Pure white and dainty, in dots, squares, etc., brought out in the weaving.
We also show grenadines and laces for sash curtains.

Casement Cloths

Casement windows are well provided for in this store.
Colonial Fabrics from Marshall Field is a line that we have mentioned enthusiastically before this.
25c. a yard. Scrim, 30c. a yard.
Curtains to come to the sill, with box pleated and shirred valance.

Cretonnes Will Always be Popular

Heavier than sateen—useful where there is to be more or less wear, for Bedroom Boxes, Cushions, Bedroom Curtains.
At 25c. we might mention here a pretty red Dresden Cretonne of pink, green and cream combination with little flecks of forget-me-not blue.

Madras for Curtains

A lacy sort of transparency in colors.
35c. to $1.00 per yard.
50 inches wide.
We have plenty of choice.

Denims—Good Serviceable Denims

If you want wear buy Denim.
Plain, 28c. yard.
Figured, 40c. yard.
Greens, browns, blues, tans and red.
For furniture covering, curtains, portieres, cushions, box seats—anything to stand the wear.
Dyed burlap a little coarser, 18c. a yard, 36 ins. wide.

Screens for Stencilling

Hard, open meshed effect, 40 inches wide; we sell them plain for stencilling or already printed in stencilling designs, or we'll do the stencilling here in the store to your own or our own design.
In Colonial Scrims alone we show 400 variations of design or coloring.

Silk Draperies for Drawing-Rooms

Tapestry, Velours, Moire silks.
$1.50 to $2.50 per yard.
Rich, subdued colors—French woven and dyed for lining window curtains and portieres.
4 Rose shades.
4 Greens.
2 Champagnes.
Many different designs in each color scheme.

Satin de Jean, $1.35

A soft, satiny fabric for delicate effects. A plain cloth for stencil or applique work.
Greens, terra cotta, red, fawns and blues.

For Side Curtains

Velours, $1.50 to $5.00; Monk Cloth, $1.25 to $1.50; Serges, 60c. to $1.25; Velvets, $1.50; Damasks, $1.00; Repps, $1.25; Cotton Repps, 60c.
Some really sumptuous effects are shown in this section.

Tapestries for Wall Panelling and Upholstering

75c. to $4.50 per yard, 50 inches, woven of cotton, wool and silk.
Beautiful "verdure" effects included in this stock—forest designs and reproductions of South Kensington Antiques. For drawing room suites.
At 45c. we offer cotton damask for curtains, couch covers and table covers.

Tapestry Curtains Ready Made

$5.00 to $15.00 per pair.
Fringed, corded and edged, all ready to hang; all colors—self-toned and mixed.
From the "Art Looms" of Philadelphia, where they have the mercerized tapestry curtain down to a science.
Tapestry Couch Throws, fringed or plain, in excellent Oriental effects, from $4 to $10.00.
Tabriz.
Kermanshah.
Kazak, etc.

Lace Curtains Have a Central Position

Nottinghams, 50c. to $4.00, 400 patterns.
Swiss Appliques, 200 patterns, $3.50 to $18.00.
Point Arab, 100 patterns, $6.00 to $100.00.
Battenburg, 150 patterns, $4.00 to $30.00.
Cluny Curtains at $7.00.
Marie Antoinettes, $6.00 to $28.00.

Shades and Fixtures

We have a section devoted to all the window accessories, curtain poles, brasses, rings, rods, extension rods, shade cloths for blinds and so forth.
Come to us when you want curtain stretchers, or anything else in connection with your windows.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

H.P. Sauce

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

used daily in the dining rooms of both Britain's and Canada's Houses of Parliament

Made by a secret process, in the World's largest Malt Vinegar Brewery, at Birmingham, England, from choice Eastern fruits, scientifically selected spices, and pure Malt Vinegar.

The enormous scale of manufacture makes it possible to offer this pure, rich, delicious and valuable H.P. Sauce at a price accessible to everyone.

INGERSOLL
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
CREAM CHEESE
"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

WE KNOW YOU KNOW

But we merely want to remind you of the fact that there is just as much difference between

Our Face Treatments

and those given elsewhere as there is in the gown designed by a first-class modiste and that made by an apprentice.

For a complexion that is not clear nor free of lines, wrinkles, discolorations, etc., there is nothing better. One treatment will improve the poorest skin; a course will restore it.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, etc., eradicated forever by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Booklet sent on request.

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HALIFAX FISH CAKE
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

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Water Color
PAINTINGS
by Prominent English Artists, at : : : :
PETERSEN'S ART ROOMS
382 YONGE STREET
From Monday, Nov. 15th, to Saturday, 23rd, inclusive.
This is a splendid opportunity to obtain some exceptionally fine pictures by men whose drawings are sought after by lovers of Art.

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THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY
Will help you with your house cleaning
PHONE MAIN 1580
47 ELM STREET

Is that the pleasure of the house?
IT'S A VOTE
It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.
THE CROWN COAL CO.
LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: 97 KING ST WEST
Phones: Main 6053 and 6054.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

REV. CRAWFORD BROWN and Mrs. Crawford Brown are in Ottawa, staying with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Rev. Crawford Brown is preaching twice to-morrow for Dr. Herridge, the well-known Presbyterian pastor of Ottawa. Senator Melvin-Jones went down for the opening of Parliament on Thursday, but did not wait for the Drawing-room. Mlle. Juliette Gauthier returned to Ottawa this week. Mrs. Melvin-Jones did not go to the Capital.

Miss Maria Taylor has rented her beautiful home in Ottawa to Commander Stewart, R.N., whose stay in Canada in connection with naval defence will be prolonged. Mrs. Stewart was Miss Grace Peters, and formerly a resident of Toronto, when her father was in command at Stanley Barracks. Miss Taylor is spending some time with Mrs. Fred Denison at Rusholme.

The Charity Ball at the Prince George last week was one of the greatest successes of recent years, and there were exactly seven hundred and thirty-five tickets taken up by the man at the elevator door, which shows the large patronage secured for this smart event. It was like one of the old time balls in the old Pavilion of happy memory in Allen Gardens, when fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts used to bring and look after their "coming out" relatives, when the *quadrille d'honneur* was a respected and stately performance, and the two-step had not been as much as heard of. The older people had no chance to dance at the Charity Ball, for the swarm of young folks monopolized the ballroom, and even then had little room to gyrate. The interest culminated in the debutantes' quadrille, when the sets were formed of girls in their first season, cavaliered by the stewards of the ball (very smart with their crimson ribbon crossing each manly shirt-front) and some other privileged beaux. The electroliers, which hang rather low, were sheathed in flowers, deep-hued golden and red tulip petals tempering the brilliance, and casting a most becoming radiance on the white frocks and animated faces of the pretty debutantes. They were in airy chiffon, lustrous satin, soft shimmering crepe, or some other fabric now in vogue, and they had boquets of all colors and sizes, and rows of pearls and touches of silver or gold, till they looked their very best. Each proud parent and relative saw how vastly superior in grace and appearance their wean was to all the others, and this conviction wreathed their faces in happy smiles. The floor was excellent, and everything went off capitally. Supper was served about eleven, the usual stand-up refection of the Charity Ball, and a good many groups supplemented it by a visit to the grill room downstairs, where more substantial viands were to be had. The guests were received by Mrs. Machell, who originated the festivity, and Mrs. Stewart Houston. The young folks dancing in the debutantes' Lancers presented Mrs. Machell with a boquet of Richmond "buds," lovely in color and contour. Several parlors were arranged for bridge, but the game of watching and comparing "our girl" with other girls, the paramount duty of holding boquets while dainty debutants careered, proved more fascinating to almost all of the usual bridge fiends. A very few of the guests were Judge and Mrs. Riddell, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. Wedd, Mr. John Kay, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Robins, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. John Wright, Mrs. J. W. F. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsay, Mr. De Leigh Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. G. P. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, Major and Mrs. Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Mr. and Mrs. Northey, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mr. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. Hollwey, Mrs. Thomas Reid, Mrs. Murray Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Copland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone Aylesworth, Colonel Bruce, Mrs. Machray, Mr. and Mrs. R. Capreole, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waldie, Mr. and Mrs. Masten, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Blackwood, Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Walshe, Mrs. Jack Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. W. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. Bascome, Major J. F. Macdonald, Mr. Young, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Horrocks, Mrs. Cromarty, Mrs. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. Frank Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Crease, Mrs. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Bird, Mrs. Northcote, Mrs. Haney, Mrs. Owen Parry. The debutantes were almost all present (Miss Cross, Miss Crowther and Miss Gladys Francis being much missed from the bright number), and almost all wore white frocks of satin, lace of crepe de soie. A dainty petite pair of sisters were the Misses Ellis of Huntley street, in cream satin coming-out gowns and pearls. Miss Nell Blake wore a pale blue dress, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, was in pale pink, Miss Tomlin was in pink touched with silver, Miss Lily Bristol of Hamilton wore pink satin covered with pink net, and another visitor, Miss Macdonald, of Winnipeg, was also in pink and silver; Miss Gladys Marshall of Hamilton wore white satin and lace, Miss Kerr of Montreal wore white China crepe and lace. Among the chaperones, Mrs. Machray looked particularly charming in a smart black gown and pink roses on the corsage. It is a long time since so many flowers were carried at a ball, and the floors of the corridors and ballroom were strewn with stemless roses, petals and morsels of fern. At the close of the dance, a particularly pretty touch was given to the dance by the solicitude of girls who can command the greatest attention for an abundance of partners, for their debutante friends. As one laughing girl remarked: "This 'flapper' is under my wing, and it's lots of fun playing mother!" Everyone admired the charming trio from Cliffden Hall, and I am in sackcloth and ashes for having ignored the fact that there is still another Miss Haney to be one of the belles of her year, sometime in the future. As this ball secured such ample patronage, I trust Mrs. Machell's fund for the St. John's Mission is doing nicely. Certainly she and her family spared no kind attention, and the guests said very nice things about all of them.

MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

Mrs. Warren, 2 Glen avenue, was hostess of a tea yesterday. Mrs. Albert Webb, 19 Madison avenue, was another hostess at the tea hour yesterday.

Mrs. Hugh Blain, Clarendon avenue, and Mrs. James Sinclair, Roxboro' west, were two of yesterday's tea hostesses.

Miss Eleanor Mackenzie is giving a tea on Saturday, November 20, at her home in Roxboro' street east.

An interesting function of last week was the At Home given by Mrs. Zeb Lash at her residence in Grenville street for the brides, Mrs. Z. G. Lash and Mrs. J. F. Lash, who were receiving with her, in their handsome bridal gowns, the hostess wearing a delicate shade of grey. Mrs. Miller Lash and Mrs. Lash Miller poured tea, and two tables were arranged with roses and 'mums, respectively, for the refreshments. A group of girls assisted the young matrons in waiting upon the visitors, who were very numerous. The Misses Constance and Natalie Miller, of St. Catharines, were house guests and graceful assistants.

A very pleasant tea was given by Mrs. George McMurrich on Saturday, Nov. 6 for the presentation of Miss Gladys, her debutante daughter, to her friends. That winsome girl wore a pretty white gown, and was laden with floral offerings by her many friends. Mrs. Burn, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Roberts, assisted in the drawing room, and Mrs. Temple McMurrich and Mrs. Phillip Toller poured tea and coffee. Guests kept arriving until after six o'clock, and from everyone Miss Gladys received best wishes for a happy year, which she is quite certain to see realized.

Mrs. and Miss Ireland, who have been in the far West for several months, have returned home, and have been welcome additions to various smart parties last and this week. Mrs. Ireland will not receive until her *menage* is thoroughly set in order after her prolonged absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Du Vernet are in their new home, Wychwood Park.

The exhibition of members' work in the new galleries of the Women's Art Association has been on for the last two days, and closes to-night at six o'clock. The range of work is good, and everything worthy of interest. The exhibit is for sale, and the prices are moderate.

Mrs. Kirchoffer, who spent a few days with Mrs. Egerton Ryerson last week, went to Ottawa for the opening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch are settled in their new home, 120 Crescent road, and Mrs. Gooch received this week, and will keep to the two days each month, first Monday and Tuesday.

Many visitors were glad to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Ewan Cameron, 12 Madison Apartments, who held her postnuptial reception last week. Mrs. Cameron is a German lady, but has mastered English well enough to find a reception not too trying. She wore her wedding gown of white satin, and Mrs. Folingsby, Mrs. Driffield, Mrs. Russell Skey, Miss Wragge, and Miss Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, assisted in the reception and tea-rooms.

Mrs. Gilbert Stairs will receive with her mother, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, at Rosslyn, Rosedale, next Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinch are settled in a nice apartment in Sussex Court. Mrs. Clinch spent the summer down the St. Lawrence with Miss Gladys Murton.

Mrs. Frederick Ogilvie Loft receives on the first Monday of the month in her new home, 605 Church street. Mrs. Lacy Amy receives at 159 Bloor east on the fourth Monday.

The opening of the Ellen Osler Memorial Home in Dundas was an interesting event of last week, and everyone who had the privilege of knowing the late Mrs. Osler will be glad that her son has chosen so worthy a means of doing her memory honor. Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., of Craigleigh, gave the Home to the aged men and women of Dundas, and at the opening a notable gathering heard the speeches and inspected the noble memorial to a saintly woman. The directors are E. B. Osler, Britton Osler, Colonel Gwyn, Mr. Suter, Mr. Leonard, Colonel Grafton, and Mayor Laurason. The Home accommodates about twenty inmates.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Anglin are at the Alexandra, Ottawa, for the opening. Judge Anglin will spend the winter there.

Mrs. Wellington Francis is giving a tea next Wednesday for Miss Gladys Francis, who makes her debut then.

Mrs. Jack Massey is giving a tea at McConkey's next Wednesday afternoon for the debut of her third daughter, Dorothy, a very pretty and popular girl.

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It has never once failed, in twenty-seven years.
It is woman's dainty boudoir accessory.
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DELIA'S DREAM AND MINE

"DO you know, I had such an extraordinary dream last night," said Delia, as she poured out my first cup of coffee at breakfast. "A delightful dream it was, instead of those horrid things one generally dreams about, falling down precipices and bulls and trying to catch trains, and all that; this was quite different." She handed me my cup, and now, forgetting her own, sat with her elbows on the table and an absent look in her eyes.

"Well, what was it?" I asked.

Delia came back from dreamland with a sigh, and stirred her tea. "It wasn't so much what it was," she explained cryptically, "as the feeling of it."

"What sort of feeling, Rapture?" I hazarded.

"Yes, that's just it," assented Delia. "I thought I was on a golf-links, playing, you know" (Delia knows as much of golf as she does of Coptic), "and I had what you call (you know) a stymie in my hand, and I made a splendid shot with it, and a man there was awfully nice." She drew breath. "He was the most delightful man you ever saw."

"I didn't see him," I interjected, but Delia paid no heed.

"And somehow or other I knew we were engaged; and—"

"What?" I said, sitting up.

"Oh, it was only a dream, you know, of course," said Delia, deprecatingly. "He had about ten thousand a year, and a lovely country-place, and several motors, and a beautiful collection of pictures, because I went over it afterward."

"I should like," I said, laying down my knife and fork, "to know exactly when you went over this place."

"In my dream, silly," said Delia, impatiently, "and there was the loveliest lot of jewels you ever saw—"

"I never—" I began, but Delia continued, with a rapt and almost ecstatic look on her face.

"There were two ropes of pearls, and plenty of diamonds, and a tiara much better than Lady Duncombe's." She drew a long sighing breath, and then went on. "And we were going to be married the day after"

"After you played golf?" I inquired, severely.

"Ye—no—o, I don't know; I suppose so," said Delia, who was obviously not interested in a paltry question of date. "And then I found out he was a lord."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Not till after you were engaged! Do you mean to say you didn't know his name when—"

"His name was Lord Fitzgibbon. Don't you think it's a nice name?" asked Delia, dreamily.

"I think it's a most ugly name," I declared. "It sounds something between a monkey and an illness."

"Walter was his first name," purred Delia, softly.

"Look here," said I, firmly, "I should like to know one thing before we go any farther. Where did I come in?"

"Oh, you come in!" said Delia, sweetly. "You were—what do you call the person who picks up your balls in golf?"

I have explained that Delia does not know very much about golf. She probably meant caddie!

"Oh!" I threw as much sarcasm and irony and wit into this remark as was practicable in the close space.

Delia sighed reminiscently, and took some marmalade.

"I woke up just as we were going to be married," she said, sadly.

"And high time, too," I said, indignantly. "Where on earth we should have got to if—I think I prefer those dreams of yours when you fall off precipices, though you do call out so; or—"

"Don't be horrid, George," said Delia, severely. "You can't help your dreams."

"No, but you can help gloating over them," I said.

"I think you're very absurd," said Delia, with dignity.

"Here you were engaged to some barber's-block millionaire, and you could only conceive of me as a miserable caddie. I would have refused to pick up balls for you."

"You can't help your dreams, as I have said," said Delia, with chilling superiority, "and if it comes to that," she added, "you never dream of me at all."

"Oh, yes, I do," I declared; "not often, of course, for I'm a profound sleeper, as a rule. But I do sometimes; I did the other night."

I stared meditatively through the window on to the sunlit lawn, and the daffodils shaking in the spring breeze.

"It was rather an odd, attractive sort of dream."

"Tell me," said Delia, eagerly. "Was it all about me?"

"Well, not—not quite," I confessed. "But you were in it in a sort of way."

"Who was it about?" asked Delia, quickly.

"Well, it was really mostly about some one I didn't know—not a real person you know," I explained. "She—"

"She?" Delia pricked up her ears.

"She was, in her way, a remarkable beautiful woman," I went on, musingly. "Quite young, and with that very lovely *blonde cindre* hair, don't you know."

"It's only worn by second-rate actresses," said Delia, curtly.

"With a wave in it, you know, a natural wave, not like most people's." My eye roamed over Delia's head, quite unconsciously of course.

"You needn't be insulting," she snapped.

"My dear," I declared, opening my eyes, "I'm only just telling you what happened in my dream."

"No, you weren't," said Delia, crossly. "What *did* happen?"

"Of course I wasn't engaged to the girl," I went on, hastily. "I merely admired her very much, as—as—well, as no one could have helped admiring her. We were in the conservatory alone together at a dance, and I could hear the distant music of the band—"

"Indeed!" said Delia, in a distinctly chilly voice.

"Then it all changed," I hurried on. "You know what dreams are. Somehow or other we were walking in a field, and there was a pool of water, and—"

"Do get on; don't take all morning over it," said Delia, irritably.

"Well, it changed again," I rushed on; "at least, I mean somehow or other she was in the water, struggling for life."

"Ah!" Delia's eyes gleamed.

"I made a plunge in, seized her, and dragged her from the pool, dripping with water. I carried her in my arms to the bank and laid her down; her beautiful hair had come down and was hanging over my shoulder. Its perfume came up to me. I could feel the beat of her heart very fast; and then I don't know what made me do it, but as I bent over her she looked so sweet and helpless—"

Delia had been ominously quiet, and I had not dared to meet her eyes.

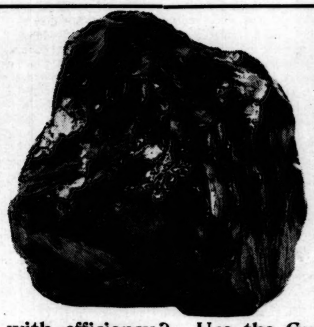
"What did you do?" she asked in a hard, metallic voice. I did meet her eyes then, and I wavered. Delia can look very awe-inspiring.

"I—I rolled her back into the water," I said.

There was a moment's pause, and then Delia exclaimed, in another tone, "How perfectly horrid of you, George! How could you?"

"I don't know why I did it. You know what dreams are!" I murmured.

"Oh, yes, aren't they funny things?" said Delia, lightly. "Some more marmalade, dear?"—H. B. Marriott Watson, in Harper's Weekly.



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THE ten mile national championship of the Amateur Athletic Union took place at Celtic Park and resulted in a new American record for the distance and also a new string for the intermediate distances from five and a half miles to ten. George V. Bonhag of the Irish American A. C. was the winner and he made the ten miles in 52 minutes 34 4-5 seconds, thereby wiping away the former American mark of 52 minutes 38 2-5 seconds by the late Willie Day made on the grounds of the old Staten Island A. C. on November 30, 1889. Though Bonhag has made some records indoors he never before showed first-rate speed out of doors and his race yesterday can easily be reckoned as the very best of his whole career. The world's amateur record is 50 minutes 40 seconds by Alfred Shrubb five years ago.

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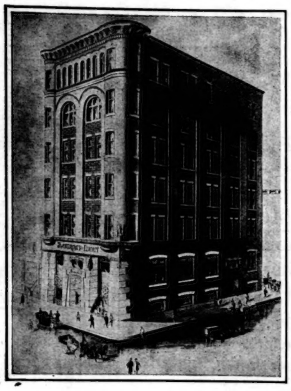

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Vol. 23. TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 13, 1909. No. 5.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Beyond Soundings.

THE Royal Canadian Yacht Club's initial navigation class last month was marked by a tragic exhibition of sarcasm gone to waste. A retired lake captain who had set up a school for seamen had been retained to impart some knowledge to the amateur tars on this particular occasion, and one member of the large audience which turned out to acquire wisdom was Commander Spain, R.N. The latter's toleration for the sweet simplicity of fresh water mariners' technique is not boundless, and his efforts to conceal it were not phenomenally successful.

"Young fellows come to me," began the instructor, "with nothing but two years' experience wheeling—"

"What d'ye say?" asked the Commander in a slightly bored tone.

To him "wheeling" meant only two things—pushing a truck or riding a bicycle; certainly not the quartermaster's or helmsman's occupation.

"I said young fellows come to me with nothing but two years' experience wheeling," repeated the ex-merchant skipper in a slightly louder tone of voice.

"Wheeling? What's that?" The Commander's tone by this time betrayed irritation.

But the instructor was unruffled. He was used to uninitiated lubbers asking all sorts of questions, and had no idea that he was talking to a commander of the Royal Navy. He leaned tolerantly towards his questioner and said in a friendly, confidential sort of way:

"Steering, sir."

He Caught It Both Ways.

A FORMER manager of the Toronto Railway Co. was talking the other day about the trouble of making connections with street cars at transfer points. He said that he became discouraged when he was manager of the road. One night he got off a King street car, and after a race up Yonge street, succeeded in catching his car.

"Why don't you fellows watch for people making connections and wait a moment or two sometimes?" he panted.

"Didn't you catch it? What the h—l are you kicking about?" was the astonishing reply, and the ex-manager did not pursue the subject further.

Through His Energy 1,500 Gardens Blossom.

EVERY one who travels across Canada by the C.P.R. in the summer time is struck by the remarkable floral display at practically every station along the line. The traveller says to himself: "This must be the result of a big general scheme planned and constantly nursed along by somebody. It isn't by chance that all the station agents of the C.P.R. have become enthusiastic gardeners, making their premises blossom and glow with color and beauty, instead of leaving them no less unsightly and dirty than ordinary backyards. Some one has done something very unusual in bringing about this almost uniform beautification of station grounds along the whole length of a vast transcontinental railroad."

The traveller is right. Nothing of the kind ever transpires without a plan, and every good plan has behind it a directing mind. But the traveller perhaps never learns who is the directing mind in this notable instance. Mr. R. S. Dunlop, of Montreal, is the man. He is the chief of the C.P.R. floral department. Time was when most of the station premises of this road were scarcely different in appearance from those of any jerk-water line. In the larger cities, towns, and junctions the railway gardens were improved by the cultivation of good turf, and flower beds were planted too. But they had no distinction. They were rather scraggy, and exhibited no particular taste. The grounds of the small stations were mostly eye-sores. Many of them were piled up with cinders and muck and the overflow of the freight sheds—old boxes and barrels and all sorts of rubbish. And those that were tidy were nothing more; they were not beautiful. Then along came Mr. Dunlop with an idea. He had dreams of a chain of well-kept flower gardens right across the country. He told the authorities at headquarters what he wanted to do—encourage the employes of the road to make every stopping-point of a C.P.R. train a beauty spot. The authorities told him to go ahead. But any good plan is difficult of achievement. Mr. Dunlop had his troubles at first, for it required patience and tact and much work to develop 1,500 gardeners and gardens. But there are to-day just that number of gardens on the C.P.R. between St. John, N.B., and Vancouver, B.C.

Thirteen years ago Mr. Dunlop began sending out to the station agents and section foremen of the road, free of charge, seeds in the spring and bulbs in the fall, all selected with the utmost care, and accompanied by instructions for their culture. This was the start of the scheme, which is now carried out in a way that fulfils, perhaps exceeds, his expectations. Last spring he distributed over 1,500 packages of seeds. This week he has distributed half a million bulbs. The agents and foremen and their families are now most enthusiastic gardeners. They vie with one another in having beautiful gardens and indoor floral decorations for the buildings in their charge; and in so doing not only give pleasure to the travelling public but to themselves.

The Late Chief Justice of Quebec.

SON and grandson of a judge, and descendant of one of the most distinguished of French-Canadian families, it is small wonder that the late Sir Henri T. Taschereau, LL.D., Chief Justice of the Province of Quebec, should have been one of Canada's foremost jurists and most prominent citizens. He was the son of Jean Thomas Taschereau, Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada; and he was the grandson of another Jean Thomas Taschereau, who was a member of the first Legislative Assembly of Canada, who did good service in defence of the country against the Americans in 1812, and who was also a distinguished judge. The founder of the family in Canada was Jacques Taschereau, of Touraine, who emigrated to Quebec in 1725, as secretary of Intendant Dupuy.

Since then five generations of brave soldiers, distinguished citizens, noble churchmen, and honorable jurists have done their share of work first for Canada and then for the Empire. The Honorable Gabriel Elzear Taschereau, the son of the secretary, was, while very young, one of the soldiers who fought against Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. Later on, in 1775, being then a British subject, he was one of the best soldiers of Canada against the American army. He died a colonel of the Quebec militia. This man was the great-grandfather of the late Chief Justice.

Sir Henri Taschereau was born in 1841, and was educated at the Quebec Seminary and Laval University, and was called to the Bar in 1863. For a time he was an Alderman of Quebec, and represented the city on the North Shore Railway Board for four years. From 1872 to 1878 he represented Montmagny in the Dominion Parliament in the Liberal interest. In the latter year he was elevated to the Court of King's Bench in the province of Quebec, and two years ago became Chief Justice. Last year the honor of Knighthood was conferred upon him. In 1864 he married a daughter of the late Mr. E. L. Pacaud, of Arthabaskaville, and two years after her death, in 1883, he took his second wife, the widow of Mr. Henri Masson, of Montreal. He was the father of Mrs. Joseph Pope, Ottawa; Mrs. John A. Carling, London, Ont.; Mrs. (Col.) Vidal, Mr. Robert Taschereau, K.C., Montreal; Mrs. Lyon, of Montmorency, France; and Mrs. Sutherland, of Montreal. The late Chief Justice died at Montmorency, France, while on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. Lyon. His body was brought back to Canada for burial.

Reminiscences of a Newspaper Man.

THE playgoer of thirty years ago who took an interest in theatrical criticism recalls the writings of a newspaper man known as the "Woolly Horse," who was known in his own family circle as W. W. Williams, and was for a time on the staff of The Globe newspaper. He derived his *sobriquet* not from his personal appearance, for he was small and sandy, but from the fact that in winter time he wore a very shaggy overcoat. Moreover, he was always attended by a large bull-dog, and as Toronto was a good deal smaller then than it is now, he attracted much attention on King street. He wrote in a picturesque style, and his judgments were *ex cathedra*—the final word, so to speak, on a performance. His advent in the lobby filled the management with awe, and when he extended his august approval, it was in no unmeasured terms of praise.

First productions on any stage were not so frequent in this city then as they are now, but during his reign there was one event of great importance. Mrs. Scott Siddons, who had won fame and riches as a dramatic reader, decided to become an actress, and chose Toronto as the city in which she should make her first appearance in that capacity. It was in a Shakespearian *role*, Beatrice, in "Much Ado About Nothing," it is said; and the "Woolly Horse" prepared to sling himself.

The rival morning paper, The Mail, did not at that time have a regularly constituted dramatic editor, but on its staff were several men who could write an intelligent critique on a performance of the kind. Mr. Bunting picked out his most literary youth and told him to take all the space he wanted. The young man, who was learned in Shakespeare, came back to the office, and, while admitting the personal beauty and charm of Mrs. Scott Siddons and her ability to recite poetry, stated that she was not an actress at all, and probably never would be. The young man was a worshipper at the feet of Adelaide Neilson, as was every playgoer of his generation, and some of his comparisons were odious.

On the same morning The Globe came out, and the "Woolly Horse" had exhausted the dictionary and Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" to find words of praise for the interpretation. Mrs. Scott Siddons purchased a thousand copies of The Globe, and her manager went out looking for the man who had dared to "roast" her. As the actress had many social friends here, the controversy aroused public attention, and for a few days recriminations were furious. Williams gained a temporary victory, and the young man on The Mail was told that he need not do any more writing on Shakespeare and the interpretation thereof—it was hinted that he was more useful as a police reporter. A few months later, however, Mrs. Scott Siddons tried her fortunes in London, England. The *doyen* of English critics at that time was Joseph Knight, of The Athenaeum, and the young man on The Toronto Mail watched to see what he might say. To his delight Knight took precisely the same view of her achievement as had The Mail after her first appearance on any stage. His critique was reprinted, and the "Woolly Horse" sustained a tardy defeat.

It was Williams who accompanied the Earl of Dufferin through the Northwest Territories for The Globe when the Governor-General made his trip across the prairies. He travelled by buckboard, and one reason why he was assigned for the task was that he had been all over the Northwest trails some years previously before he had struck Toronto. At one point the representatives of certain of the tribes were assembled to do homage to Her Majesty's Viceroy, and one of the chiefs of the Crees made a speech in his own tongue. It was noticed that he made pointed reference to The Globe correspondent who was present taking notes, looking at him pointedly and saying something in a genial tone after the formal words of welcome and homage had been uttered. The Governor-General was curious to know what he had said, and it transpired that the chief had declared that the tribe had felt additionally honored by the fact that he had brought their "little red-haired brother" with him. Williams afterwards went south and became the leading writer on sports in the city of New Orleans, and is said to be still alive in the south.

Church and Pawnshops.

FEW persons will require to be told that the Mont de Piete is the municipal pawnshop of France. Almost everyone has some notion of the Paris institution, but it will perhaps come as a surprise to many to learn that there was considerable difficulty in founding the institution, compared with its foundation in other countries.

Monts de Piete (notes The London Globe) owe their origin to Italy, and this is as it should be, for the Emperor Augustus has been described as an illustrious pawnbroker, but the modern system can be traced to the patronage of the Vatican, although no satisfactory definition of the term Mont de Piete has yet been forthcoming.

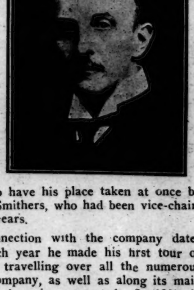
There was some controversy at the beginning as to whether the Church should be identified with a scheme so mundane. Leo X. took the matter in hand and threatened the opponents with excommunication. Later, St. Charles Borromeo urged the foundation of municipal pawnshops.

From Italy the pawnshop spread over Europe. Madrid started one in 1705, when a priest with a capital of fivepence taken from an alms box opened a charitable "uncle." The system was adopted at Avignon in 1577, but it was not till 1777 that Paris had its Mont de Piete. The National Assembly destroyed the monopoly and it passed into private hands, but the extortion of the pawnbrokers led to a demand for its re-establishment. In 1806 Napoleon re-established the monopoly, and Napoleon III. regulated it by laws which are still in force. The interest charged is about 7 per cent.

In Paris the Mont de Piete is in effect a department of the administration, but in the provinces it is a municipal monopoly. It may be added that in 1361 Michael Northbury, Bishop of London, bequeathed 1,000 marks to establish a free pawnshop.

The New G. T. R. Chairman.

ONE of the continuous-performance miracles of commercial life is the manner in which there is always a man ready to take the place of any other man who drops out. It doesn't matter how high is the place or how elaborate the equipment required to fill it, there is always someone to jump in and do the work when the emergency arises. Financial geniuses pass away, as Harriman did only a short while ago, and the public stands shuddering, waiting for the cataclysm that must follow such a passing. But before they can catch their breath some other fellow has quietly stepped in, and the work is taken up where the master-hand dropped it. In the same way—though in different degree, perhaps—Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson retires from the chairmanship of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, only to have his place taken at once by Mr. Alfred Waldron Smithers, who had been vice-chairman for the past five years.



Mr. Smithers' connection with the company dates back to 1896, in which year he made his first tour of inspection in Canada, travelling over all the numerous branch lines of the company, as well as along its main arteries. This trip he has since repeated. In 1907, in company with Mr. Hays, he travelled over a large stretch of the route to be taken by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, going from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, the site of which as a terminal port much impressed him. Mr. Smithers is thoroughly optimistic as to the future which lies before the G.T.R. and G.T.P. systems. He is an active, alert man, still in the fifties, and is credited with that mastery of detail which is so essential in the head of a great organization such as the G.T.R. Mr. Smithers has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1873; he is chairman of the English Association of American Bondholders, having succeeded Mr. Joseph Price—formerly vice-president of the G.T.R.—in that position in 1904.

London's New Lord Mayor.

A LONDON correspondent notes that the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Knill, is a wharfinger, and like the present Lord Mayor, a member of an old city family and son of a Lord Mayor. Whatever changes come about in the elements of city life, the Lord Mayors seem to come from the same class, and generally from the same occupations as their predecessors in Stuart and Hanoverian times.

There are many rich lawyers in the city, but the honor has never gone to one of them. Bankers and shipowners

Sir John Knill, Bart., London's new Lord Mayor.

are naturally prominent in the city, but very rarely appear on the Mayoral list. The present Lord Mayor is a stationer, the last was a brewer, before him was a carpet-maker, whose predecessor was a banker who had become merchant and trade journal proprietor. Immediately before these were a maker of leather goods, a spinner and jute merchant, an oil merchant and a haberdasher.

Of course they are invariably rich men with capital engaged in various concerns, but as a rule they are members of trades such as are indicated above.

Newspaper Personalities.

PEOPLE are sometimes inclined to think that there is too much abuse exchanged between newspapers and that personalities are rife. They little know of the change which has come over the Canadian press of late years. In the good old days, when George Brown was the leading light of Canadian journalism, the fur flew in reality. Then a paper was not considered a good paper unless it occasionally took "a whirl" out of a few individuals in merciless fashion.

The early issues of The Toronto World—which was started by three young men from The Globe staff—would also prove illuminating. George Brown's roast on the oratorical style of the late William Lount, when that well-known man was a youthful member of the Ontario Legislature, possessed a cruelty that no newspaper to-day would be guilty of. A specimen of the old-time amenities was the retort of the well-known writer, James Fahey, who had accepted a nomination to the Legislature. Fahey had lung trouble, and The Telegram said that if the gentleman got elected to the House he would be "coughed down." Fahey promptly replied that if the editor of The Telegram ever got elected anywhere, he would be coughed up and swept out.

Why Cook Didn't Come to Toronto.

THE American newspapers have been recently making investigations into the financial gains that have fallen to Dr. Frederick Cook through his assertion that he discovered the North Pole, and it has been shown that by getting into the lecture field quickly he has been able to mint the suspicions which have been cast upon his narrative into gold. According to all accounts his present fee is $300 a night for public appearance and he appears to be finding local managers willing to take the risk of getting out with a profit even with such a guarantee to face. But he appears to have come down in his figures even at that.

When the controversy was a nine days' wonder a local sporting editor who has had some experience in handling Marathon runners and wrestlers with profit thought there might be money in bringing Cook to Toronto.

He wired Dr. Cook for his terms and the latter's manager replied, offering to give one lecture for the sum of $4,000 in cold cash. The sporting editor went as high as $2,500, estimating that that was the highest sum that could be paid, and even at that the chances of loss were considerable. Dr. Cook, however, declared that the lowest offer he would entertain was $3,500. For this reason Toronto has so far been deprived of his presence, and it is probable that the sporting editor and his friends who were willing to take a chance in bringing him are money in pocket.

Humor in a Hymn Book.

MOST people are aware that the new Anglican Hymn Book, the Book of Common Praise, is now coming into use, but not so many have heard of the annotated edition, compiled by Mr. James Edmund Jones, a Toronto barrister, the convener and secretary of the compilation committee. The notes appended to each hymn deal with its history, the biography of the writer, and particularly the various readings of the hymn itself. It appears that very few well-known hymns have survived in their original form. Sometimes the author himself has changed them, but more often various readings are devised by editors, both for doctrinal and literary reasons. Some of the expressions used by the older hymn writers were more forcible than beautiful. For example, in Toplady's "Rock of Ages," the line "When mine eyelids close in death," which has been tinkered a good deal by editors, appeared in the original as "When my eyestrings break in death."

The well-known hymn for Palm Sunday, "All glory, laud and honor to Thee, Redeemer, King," is from a long Latin hymn ascribed to Theodolph, Bishop of Orleans, A.D. 821. The hymn is obviously based on the story of Our Lord's entry into Jerusalem, riding upon an ass, and His reception by the children. Only the first twelve lines of the original are represented in the modern version, but up to the seventeenth century the following remarkable stanza was included:

Be Thou, O Lord, the rider,
And we the little ass,
That to God's holy city,
Together we may pass.

Fancy a congregation singing that!

Another Letter from Austria

Hotel Burgstaller,
Millstatt, Austria, Oct. 4, 1909.

I AM enclosing some photographs of the works at Radenthein and of the aerial railway which will give you some idea of this enormous undertaking, which I have described in previous letters. They are progressing splendidly, and three ovens are finished and were ready for the fire on October 1. They will keep building

OFFICERS OF THE A. A. M. CO., DUSSELDORF, inspecting the quarry. The central figure is Mr. J. D. Billiard, the American who is resident director of this great enterprise, and husband of a Toronto lady, the writer of this and former letters from Austria.

until they have twenty ovens in operation, as of course their output depends entirely on the number of ovens they keep going. The work is the quickest ever known done in Austria.

Last week we went to Klagenfort, a town of forty thousand inhabitants. It is a fine place, but not of much interest. We went to buy a carriage and pair of horses, as the horses kept for hire here are generally very miserable. On our return from Klagenfort, we moved from our summer hotel, "Lea Villa," to this hotel in the village. It is too funny for words—truly the "Village Inn," situated on the village square. All the summer residents have left, and only the peasants remain, and with the exception of one man, I do not think a soul nearer than the office at Radenthein, nine miles away, speaks a word of English. We certainly have the "royal suite" in the hotel, as I think they must have collected all the best furniture in the place for our rooms, so that they are really quite elegant and comfortable. We have a huge sitting room

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.
Taking a locomobile through Radentheim to the works of the A. A. M. Co. The townspeople are all out to marvel at American enterprise in their midst.

facing the south and the "Sea." The village square is adorned with a fountain, and the peasants come there to fill their vessels many times during the day. It is the only water supply they have. Do you wonder that they wash in the street? It is really amusing to watch them. We are, of course, a great interest to the villagers, and I really believe that they even know what we have each day to eat. We cannot do anything that they do not know of it directly. They watch us very closely, and they are most respectful and polite, and treat us quite like royalty. They always address me as "Gracious Lady," and say "I kiss your hand," and bow low when we pass. It amuses us very much. The maid comes to ask us about dinner, for example, and begins, "I kiss your hand; what will the gracious lady have for evening eating?" Of course, this is all in German, and the little maid who brings the hot water in the morning greets us always with "Morgan,

THE ÆRIAL RAILWAY,
showing the standards of this wonderful line running through the mountains. The rare ore mined for manufacturing purposes in the United States will be thus transported.

I kiss your hand." And they say the same thing when you go in or out of a shop. This is, of course, the peasants' salutation, although the Austrian gentlemen do often say it on meeting a lady and then kiss her hand.

We were much amused the day the waiters at the "villa" went away for the summer. They came in a body to say good-bye, and standing in a row they all solemnly bowed very low, and each kissed my hand. Oh, how we laughed when they had gone! As they had been saying "I kiss your hand" all summer, I really thought it was only a saying, and never dreamed that they would ever really do it.

The people at our hotel are most anxious to please, and get all sorts of special things for our table. This week we have had venison, quail, broiled chicken, good rare roast beef, and excellent well cooked vegetables.

The weather is lovely. I am out a great deal, and have many books, which we get with fruit, etc., from Vienna. While Madame B—— was here we took such lovely walks each day, and they are simply beautiful in this mountainous country. She is a fine interesting companion, having seen so much of the world, her father and uncle both being in the Austria House of Lords. But although an Austrian, she speaks perfect English, and is very like an English lady. She also speaks Italian and French just as well. Her husband is an uncle of the King of Servia, the one who was assassinated, you remember. He has been Servian Ambassador to England, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Germany, so has met most of the crowned heads of Europe. When the King of Servia was assassinated, his enemies reigned in his stead, and, of course, her husband lost his influence at the court, and now leads a very retired life. I was rejoiced to meet her, as she is so pleasant and refined, and we became great chums. She has gone to Triest for the winter, where she wants me to visit her.

To-day is glorious, and the "sea" as blue as indigo, the mountains so green with here and there touches of bright autumn tints. It is an absolutely perfect scene. I fear that we shall not be able to return to America until after Christmas. The works are going on wonderfully, and on Saturday the first car filled with magnesite came from the quarries ten miles over the aerial railway to the factory. It was decorated with Austrian, German and American flags, and hung with garlands of flowers, and created immense excitement as it flew through the air and dumped its load into the receiving pit. This does not mean that things are finished by any means, but it is the first move towards that end. They opened champagne and drank D——'s health, and he has had cables of congratulation from America already, and many from Europe on the work he has accomplished in such a short time.

M. B.

The Land of the Midnight Sons.

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

HEAR the rattle of the windlass as our anchor comes away;
We are bound for old Point Barrow and we make a start to-day.
Keep a tight hold on your dinner, for outside the north wind blows
And unless you are a sailor you'll be throwing up your toes.
Up in to the Polar Sea, where the night's the same as day,
Where our creditors can't touch us for the best part of our pay;
Where there are no "lubbers" seasick when the ship forgets to roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the pole.

Take me back to old Point Barrow, for it's there that I would be ;
I am sick of this blamed country, and I guess it's sick of me.
I am tired of dodging tailors, fighting nickel slot machines,
And playing cards with fellows who were dragging off my jeans.

I've enough of gay theatre, club and bridge and fancy ball;
Introduced to some fair damsel for one whirl around the hall.
On the street next day she greets you with an "educated stare";
She remembers to have met you, but she disremembers where.

Take me back to old Point Barrow, where there is no east or west,
Where one gets a thirst that lingers, and where whisky tastes the best.
Up into the Polar Sea, where the "greasy whalers" be,
And the northern lights are shining on a phosphorescent sea;
Where the "leopard seal" and walrus on the ice floes back and roll,
And the sun comes up at midnight from an ice pack round the pole.

—Jack Thornton, in The New York Herald.

Value of a Good Address in London.

IN the writing room of a London club a few days ago an Englishman was writing a letter while an American friend waited for him. Presently the Englishman folded his letter, put it in an envelope and proceeded to address it.

"I'd know you were an Englishman if I'd only seen you addressing an envelope," said the American. "Englishmen always seem to put all they possibly can into an address."

Well the address of an Englishman is a very important thing, almost as important as his pedigree. A good address, especially in London, is more highly regarded than square meals, the latter often being sacrificed for the former. This great truth has been recognized by a woman who writes to an Australian newspaper:

"There are only certain parts of London in which one can live and be recognized. It is divided into districts, the most important of which bears the address London, W.

"The next district in importance is S. W. (Southwest). This includes Chelsea, where the artists congregate, and South Kensington, where upper middle class fashionable folks live.

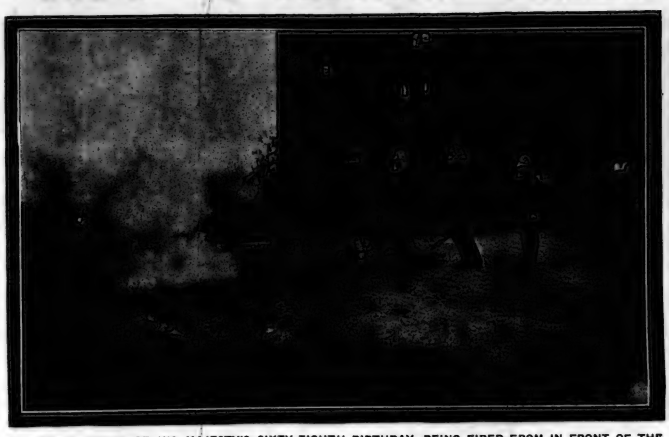
"N. W. (Northwest) includes Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Belsize Park (one of the prettiest and healthiest parts of London), where wealthy city men reside and the many large residences there can boast beautiful gardens and lawns, such as are unobtainable in any other part of London.

"The next district and one of the most closely populated, is W.C. (West Central). It is a world of boarding houses, and being the most convenient part of London for railway stations, places of amusement and sightseeing generally it is peopled with the most cosmopolitan set to be found anywhere in the world.

"One of the puzzles of this address is that if you write W. C. after it the recipient will probably not bother to call, but if you write in such and such a place and add 'Russell Square' that makes it all right. Russell Square is recognized, but West Central is not.

"On meeting new people the first thing they invariably ask is your address. If you are wearing a nice frock and say you live W. they immediately ask you to dinner, but if you say West Central the nice frock carries no weight. They simply say, 'How very odd,' and talk about the weather."

"'ERE'S 'IS BLOOMIN' 'EALTH!"



SALUTE IN HONOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S SIXTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY, BEING FIRED FROM IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO, ON TUESDAY.

A FEW days ago a kindly-mannered English gentleman celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday by giving a feast to the tenants of one of his country estates. It was a very informal, home-like kind of thing, and the host went about with his wife among his guests to greet them and see that their wants were satisfied. In the meantime the greatest Empire on earth had its hat off and was cheering itself black in the face with the energy of its good wishes for the health and prosperity of the same quiet gentleman, who was seeing to it that Gaffer Jones had enough plum-pudding, and who was making enquiries as to the wellbeing of Gammer Jones and all the little Joneses. In the meantime, too, crowned heads and rulers of the earth generally were sending in telegrams of congratulation, for the quiet gentleman in question happened to be Edward the Seventh, by the Grace of God, King of the Britains and of Ireland and of the Empire beyond the Seas.

There are occasions which serve as a touchstone for the popular feeling towards a ruler. And of these, perhaps, the most striking are his birthdays. Then surely, one can tell whether his people look on him with affection or dislike or mere indifference. If they cannot be glad tnat he was born and is alive, there is surely something wrong. And if, on the contrary, they are filled with enthusiastic loyalty on the occasion of his birthday, if they express in every possible way the fullness of their goodwill and their affection for him, there can then be no possible doubt of his hold on their affections—which is about the only way a monarch can hold his people in these democratic later days. This was the case with the birthday of King Edward, which was greeted, not only with the respectful enthusiasm of subjects for a popular and capable ruler, but also with something of joyous good-fellowship for the kindly gentleman and thorough sportsman who rules at Windsor. It was a personal tribute fully as much as one to the position he occupies. And this is all the more striking in these days of swift change, when the trend of English political thought seems to be more and more towards Socialism, and when one ancient institution after another is being summoned before the bar of public opinion and made to justify its existence. There has even been talk—and not in obscure quarters—of the abolition of the Crown. But the best answer to all that is the great and sincere joy with which the whole British Empire wishes His Majesty long life, and health, and happiness, and eternal youth.

An Interesting London Discovery.

THE other day a very interesting discovery was made at the Guildhall in London by the city surveyor. Two of the original windows of the great hall, the existence of which was entirely unsuspected, have been brought to light.

Until about a year ago the whole of the stonework of the hall was covered with a mixture of silica and paint, the vandal covering of a hundred years ago. This has been cleaned off, and the marks left by the Great Fire of London on walls and moulding are clearly shown. The surveyor then noticed particularly that the joints of the mouldings of what appeared to be two panelled archways on opposite sides of the western end of the hall were lacking in the continuity they would have shown if the whole of such mouldings had been fixed at the same time, and therefore he ordered some workmen to cut away a part of the panel on the south wall. The result of their labors was that a handsome fifteenth century window one of the original windows of the Guildhall, dating from some time between 1410 and 1426, was disclosed.

It is in an exceptional state of preservation, even the glass in the little diamond panes being intact. It is a two light window set in a recess nearly three feet deep and is nine feet six inches in height to the crown of the arch and six feet six inches in width. From the stone mullion in the centre spring two smaller arched heads, the spandril between these two heads being partly filled with a stone panel, perforated in cinquefoil pattern. On each side of the jambs below the window itself are fixed sedilia, or stone seats, one each side, like seats set in an old fashioned inglenook.

The other window, which was brought to light yesterday, is on the other side of the hall, directly above the metal plate upon which the standards of length are inscribed. It is similar in design to the window first discovered, but is not in nearly so good a state of preservation, the whole of the mullion below the internal arches being missing, which left these arches to be supported solely by the iron stay.

Apropos of Mr. Harriman's short, simple will, it is of interest to note that Lord Mansfield found half a sheet of note paper ample for the disposal of his worldly possessions. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's will began and ended in thirteen words. A dozen lines served to dispose of Lord Russell of Killowen's estate of nearly £150,000, while Lord Brampton of the Court of Exchequer, the brother of Anthony Hope, disposed of his estate of nearly £142,000 in 400 words.

WINNIPEG'S EXPOSITION IN 1912.

The above represents, with the exception of Premier McBride, the committee which went from Winnipeg to Edmonton and there interviewed the Alberta Government regarding Canada's National Exposition and Selkirk Centennial to be held at Winnipeg in 1912.

Standing (from left)—H. W. Hutchinson, Winnipeg; D. C. Cameron, Winnipeg; John W. Dafoe, Winnipeg; T. A. Anderson, Winnipeg.

Sitting (from right)—Wm. Whyte, Winnipeg; Premier Rutherford of Alberta, Edmonton; Thos. C. Irving, Toronto.

It's made that way — that's why it slides. No lining in the band that goes around the collar. Only the Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie can have this important patented feature.

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Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 29, 1909.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

"Tales of Old Toronto," by Suzanne Marny. Published by William Briggs, Toronto; $1.25.

HERE is a book which is a delightful surprise. Out of a crowd of volumes that overflow the reviewer's table—volumes aggressively smart and ordinary of perception, heavy-handed and shrill-voiced—it comes like a calm and gentle aristocrat to lead one into a quiet place where there are odors of old lavender, there to meditate upon those things which fill one's consciousness as one sits alone regarding firelight shadows.

In the book are eight tales, or rather eight sketches, and only one has Toronto for its scene, in the ordinary sense. And one is not of Toronto or Canada at all. But most of them, to the discerning reader, are clearly chapters from the sort of life lived here in the old days, a generation or two ago. The tales are simply bits of reverie. One, for example, is about an old foot-stool. Another reveals the wistful thoughts, backward going, of three old maids. One called "The Unhappy House" deals lightly but surely with a subject of immense possibilities to the fictionist, but which, strangely enough, has not been handled in a large way by any of our modern novelists. This is the subject of the family which is unhappy, it scarcely knows why, all the members, or nearly all, suffering from an elusive taint of morbidness more pathetic in effect than well-pronounced insanity. Who has not known one such household, and tried to guess, if not to analyze, the reason of its joyless state? The cause is moral unhealth, but why is it? Perhaps the parents have been puritanic and killed joy in the house; or one of a dozen other causes has filled the home with an atmosphere of unloveliness. Sazanne Marny outlines this family condition simply and quietly in diary form, and yet with such depth of insight that the reader finds himself not only pondering upon it but worrying over it as a problem which ought to be solved in some way by healthy, wholesome people. Here is the conclusion arrived at by the over-sensitive, morbid woman who writes her diary in "The Unhappy House": "Deny it no one, we are in a material world, and he who garners the most material pleasure in a judicious way has the richest sheaf that may be bound up on this earthy earth. All is vanity, vanity, the Siamese twin of the flesh which only dies with the flesh. The wounds which touch us on the raw, which sting us with desperate cruelty, are the wounds to our vanity, or the deprivation of some material and sensuous delight which we have tingled and yearned for." How many there are who make themselves miserable through such philosophy, which is so deadly because it is entirely true unless each individual can, by himself and within himself, make it untrue!

"Tales of Old Toronto" is not the sort of book to be described as interesting; it is something more than that. And this raises an interesting point, well worth consideration by all literary workers and art workers in this country. Suzanne Marny is the pen name of a Toronto lady whose identity is carefully guarded by her publisher. But this much may be made public—she is not a professional writer. Last year she appeared as the author of "The Canadian Book of Months," but she has served no regular apprenticeship at writing. And yet she has produced a book which may well be the envy of many a practised hand. We talk here of art and emphasize the importance of technique, and yet, almost simultaneously, two amateurs arise to put to shame a whole profession! A bank clerk in the Yukon Territory outclasses all the "real poets" of the country in virility. A Toronto lady outclasses many of our prose writers in delicacy of touch. Why is it? Simply because they both have something to say or to suggest. Of course Suzanne Marny writes well, having the natural gift of discrimination in word-values and of rhythmic expression; but a hundred others might form sentences as well, or better for that matter, and not come near producing any such result as the volume under consideration. This writer, whoever she is, has had a large experience of life; she has unusual power of insight, unusual delicacy of perception; and she has written not from the shallow pool of ink under her pen, but from the deeper fountain of the heart.

* * *

"Martin Eden," by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company of Canada; $1.50.

This is a story with practically only two characters in it. Martin Eden is a rough young sailor, shipping on deep-sea vessels in and out of San Francisco—a young fellow of great strength, perfect health, and most unusual mental capabilities. He rescues the son of a wealthy corporation lawyer and politician from the hands of a crowd of dock rowdies, and that young man invites him to his home in Oakland, telling his family to expect a most interesting wild man. Thus Martin gets his first glimpse of luxurious and restful life. He is bewildered, but he resolves to equip himself for that life,—for he is only twenty-one, and at the first glance he becomes a worshipper of the daughter of the house, Ruth Morse. He goes to sea no more, and eking out an existence on his small savings he starts with desperate energy to wrest education from the books in the public libraries. Ruth gives him some assistance, and he performs wonders in the way of quick assimilation of knowledge of grammar and literature and philosophy. Then he resolves to write. Meanwhile, Ruth, a slight, pale creature, feels an irresistible desire to lean toward him—he is so healthy and virile. In the end she promises to marry Eden, and urges him to give up his seemingly hopeless task of making a living by his pen. She is a university graduate, one who has made a special study of languages, but she does not really understand the strength and meaning of the stories and essays which Eden writes—and has returned to him with maddening regularity by magazine editors. She can not understand his growing disrespect for her class—people whose education seems to have been wasted upon them. She cannot understand his criticisms of certain forms of art. To quote a bit of dialogue between them, in which Martin is expressing his opinion of certain people he has met at the Morse home:

"And the musician woman! I don't care how nimble her fingers are, how perfect her technique, how wonderful her expression—the fact is, she knows nothing about music."

"She plays beautifully," Ruth protested.

"Yes, she's undoubtedly gymnastic in the externals of music, but the intrinsic spirit of music is unguessed by her. I asked her what music meant to her—you know I'm always curious to know that particular thing; and she did not know what it meant to her, except that she adored it, and that it meant more than life to her."

Eden has lived and felt strongly and thought earnestly. Ruth is merely conventional. Eden makes no money, and, confident but starving, he will not give up his writing to take a job; so Ruth at last takes her parents' advice and gives him up. But the tide turns. Suddenly Eden becomes famous and rich, publishers tumbling over one another to buy material hitherto unconsidered. Then all the people who never before had any use for him invite him to dinner—Mr. Morse among the number. And Ruth goes to him and asks him to marry her. But Eden resents all this. He is the same man he was, his writings are the same in which she and others had no faith. He sees that he never really loved Ruth and that she never really loved him. His material success, with all it involves of discovery regarding the basis of so many human relations, demoralizes him, and he commits suicide.

The picture Mr. London gives us is out of drawing at several points, as will be seen even by this summary of the story. Eden developes too fast, and, considering his splendid health and qualities as a fighter, he lets go of everything much too easily and quickly. But the tale is full of significance all the same, and, like everything this erratic but skilful writer produces, it is extremely interesting.

MAURICE HEWLETT,
Whose new book, "Open Country," has just been published.

* * *

"Court Life in China," by Isaac Taylor Headland. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto; $1.50.

In writing these sketches of Chinese social life, Professor Headland has received a mass of what the newspapers call "exclusive information" from his wife, who for over twenty years has been physician to the family of the Empress Dowager's mother, the Empress's sister, and a number of the princesses and ladies connected with officialdom in Peking. The sketches originally appeared in The Century, Everybody's, The Cosmopolitan, The Outlook, and other magazines, and aroused much interest; for it is only within the past decade that intimate study by a foreigner of count life in China has been possible, and Professor Headland has treated in an exceedingly clear and entertaining way a topic on which many people have been curious. The book is a very valuable one and will no doubt have a large sale.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

READERS of this page are no doubt aware that William Morris, the English poet, was also an artist—one who interested himself in encouraging the people to make art serve practical purposes. He had a workshop and made furniture that was useful but tastefully designed. He made the familiar Morris chair, combining utility and graceful simplicity. But how he would rage could he but see into what forms of elaborate hideousness that design of his has been "improved!" Miss May Morris, the close associate of her father, is coming to America on a lecturing tour, in which she may include Toronto. Miss Morris learned her father's methods in his shop, supplementing the knowledge she gained there by study in the art schools at South Kensington. If she can do something while on this continent in the direction of turning people towards William Morris's ideals, her visit will be an important one. Here, in Canada, we are beginning to talk a good deal about Art, but, like children in a primary class at school, we, as yet, think more of our little performances, more of our skill in writing in our little copy-books, than of the ultimate meaning of our task. No doubt when Miss Morris comes she will remind us that a Morris chair gorgeously upholstered is not a Morris chair at all. But she might go farther and point out that any artistic endeavor—any music-making or painting or writing—that is all finish and upholstery, that does not provide any considerable number of people with a solid seat, as it were, for pleasure, or thought, or dreams, is lacking in the essential quality of Art.

* * *

A. T. Quiller-Couch, whose new novel, "True Tilda," has just been published, was a famous athlete during his college course at Oxford and stroked the University crew. He is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and spends much of his time on the water, but most of the time he is on land is given to literary work.

* * *

The task of removing the reference library and business offices of the Toronto Public Library from the old Church street premises to the new building on College street has been completed. The reference library is now open from 10 o'clock in the morning until 9.30 at night every day except Sunday, and is being consulted by a large and increasing number of people. Complaints are made from time to time by patrons of the six branch libraries that they cannot obtain all the latest novels as they are published. The library officials explain this by pointing out that the city grant, under the present assessment rate, amounting to a quarter of a mill on the dollar, is not sufficient to purchase all the current works of fiction, even if this were the chief function of the Public Library, which it is not. Chief Librarian Locke says that the grant made by the municipality to the Toronto Library is much too small, being, for example, only one-fourth of that apportioned for the same purpose by the city of Cleveland.

HAL.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The God-Man, or the Life and Works of Jesus, the Christ and Son of God," a poem in fifteen cantos, by Rev. Henry Losch, M.D. Published by Richard D. Badger, the Gorham Press, Boston; $1.50.

"The Wallace Collection." (Great Art Galleries series). Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston.

"The Tragedy of the Pyramids," by Douglas Sladen. Published by Hurst and Blackett, Patermaster House, E.C., London.

"The Marriages of Mayfair," by E. Keble Chatterton; adapted from the play of Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

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SPORTING COMMENT

A NOTED athletic trainer who is one of the best posted authorities on physical culture says:

"It makes no difference whether a man is a runner, jumper, fighter, ball player or a participant in any other branch of sport, if he stops training for three or four years he can never regain his best form. In all my experience I have never seen an exception to this rule."

Taking this opinion as a basis for argument, there are many pugilistic experts who are figuring out just now whether James J. Jeffries can "come back" so that he will beat the negro, Jack Johnson, down and out. William A. Brady and Willian Delaney, former managers of Jeffries, have been insisting for many months that he is foolish to tackle Johnson and will suffer defeat. Murphy declares that Jeffries, having passed nearly five years in idleness, can never show the same speed and stamina that won for him the title of world's champion.

Looking back through sporting history many instances can be found of athletes who failed to "come back." John L. Sullivan after beating Jake Kilrain loafed for three years before meeting Corbett and then proved to be all in. Only a year ago Kid McCoy after a long lay off tried to "come back" in a bout with Jim Stewart, a second rater, and was a pitiful failure. Tod Sloan, one of the greatest jockeys that ever lived, after remaining on the ground for several years tried to ride for Edward Corrigan at New Orleans but quickly found that he had lost his skill. Though Mike Donlin has not been idle for more than a year Manager McGraw believes that he has lost his grip and can never be the Giants' mainstay again. Joe Corbett, once a star pitcher in the National League, tried to shine once more in California last summer after several years of idleness, but was quickly convinced that he had seen his best days. How many college football players on the gridiron this fall could quit the game for three years and then show the old prowess? It is the same thing with sprinters like Bernie Wefers, wrestlers like Hackenschmidt and oarsmen like young Ten Eyck. They can never "come back." Will James J. Jeffries, however, prove an exception?

* * *

THE presence of the American football season has called forth the usual number of protests against the alleged brutality of the game. The following letter to a New York daily is an amusing instance:—

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir,—Regarding our "fashionable" fall diversion, why call it football?

In the game of football the name implies that it is the ball that is footed, and that footing the ball is the main element of the game.

I have been a spectator at many of the exhibitions which are called football games and never had any difficulty in counting the number of times the ball was kicked, noting, incidentally, that the players got what the ball should get in a football game. If I were the ball used in the American game I should be "tickled to death' to be honored by a kick, even though the "tickling" was brought about from contact with the steel shod hoofs of the mail clad hopes of the nation, for then I would know that the object of my existence was being realized.

The name of the pastime as played should be altered to some other, such as mashball, crashball, bashball, bruteball, carnageball, bloodyball, ambulanceball, burialball, or any other gory title, and by so doing the change would kill the game, which I think is preferable to killing the players. Dear, time honored football, how art thou dishonored.

I commend the foregoing to the college authorities. Words to select from are many, but let their selection be appropriate to the conditions.

In suggesting a change of name I have due regard for the disappointment which will fill the breasts of thousands of tender young maidens, who now look "perfectly beautiful" when cheering wildly at these sanguinary exhibitions, alas, under the name of "bloodyball" to be no more, but I have a fiendish joy at thinking of the feeling of the army of cormorant trainers who prey on our college manhood and incidentally fool the university faculties.

Change the name!

KICKER.

* * *

TO slice is human; to recover divine, writes William Hemmingway in Harper's Weekly. But the sophisticated and powerful Green Committees of to-day apparently do not want any of us poor ordinary mortals to show even a spark of divinity by recovering from a sliced or hooked drive. On every golf course we are in the midst of a period of strenuous trap-building which seems likely to wind up in a blaze of glory for "pros," sharks, and all bogymen generally, but which also seems likely to blot us duffers, plodders, and hundred-players off the links forever. This plea is written by one who plays neither wisely nor too well, but who often sacrifices food, drink or sleep in order to spend on the luxury of golf the hours that should be devoted to those necessities. He is only one of the myriads who are slowly but surely being crowded off the links by the ambitious multiplication of hazards, even as the patient red man was swept from the prairie by the imperious march of civilization.

No one can deny that the old-fashioned bunkers thrown straight across the course are in these days of the lively ball mere old jokes. They are in the way, perhaps, of the exceptionally long, slashing driver—say, of five per cent. of the men who play the game—but to the rest of us they are worn-out bogies that can no longer affright. The placing of sand-traps and pits along the sides of the fair-green affords a substitute more efficient than the old-fashioned bunkers, and meets the present condition of the average player's skill. He who slices or hooks drive, second shot, or approach will be rightly punished by having to play his next shot out of the stubborn sand. It is a fact, as some men protest, that these traps catch only slight variations from the true line of progress, while the wild, slashing fellow goes so much farther to right or left that his ball lies in the rough grass, from which he may still play a long and true shot; yet it is hard to see how to place the traps to better advantage. What is really needed, it would seem, is a reasonable hazard.

Is this complaint extravagant? Pray consider a few illustrative facts. On one famous New Jersey course within the last year no fewer than twenty-six sand traps and pits have been added to the already plentiful perils. Twenty-six!—count 'em—twenty-six! Many of them are unusual and all of them are cruel. On the long fourth hole, already such a parlous journey that he who makes a five thereon is greater than he who taketh a city, the putting-green is defended by a natural hollow into which tons of treacherous sand have been dumped. The hole is so surrounded by sand and rough grass that a stranger playing it for the first time is tempted to believe he must take his ball 'way up in a balloon and drop it dead in order to make it hold the green.

Nor is this the climax of golfers' woes. The cruelest and most unusual hazard the present commentator has discovered is a group of sand-pits on a putting-green. Sand-pits on a putting-green? Even so. Four of them, dug down deep through the floor of velvety green turf and waiting with eager jaws to gobble any ball that is not pitched to the green with accuracy and back spin enough to stop a runaway motor-car.

It is difficult to preserve one's patience while writing about this freak. The hole is the seventh on the course of one of the oldest and most conservative clubs in the golfing district about New York. From the tee to a lie near the green one encounters normal hazards enough. The approach to the green lies over a broad, deep, sand-pit whose farther side is boarded high, while at each end a great mound of earth stands guard. But the feverish search for new perils has ruined the beautiful putting-green. The ablest golfer, no matter how true of eye, cold of nerve, and steady of hand, is sure to pitch his approach-shot occasionally into one of these death-traps that deface the fair surface of the putting-green. He may have played perfectly all the way up to within three yards of the hole only to have his skill neutralized by whimsical ill luck. When Harry Vardon went home from his first visit here he aroused a little storm of indignation by telling a man that in America one had to use a niblick on the putting-green. Vardon uttered the words as a joke, thinking that the absurdity of the idea would be apparent even to a dullard; but the unhappy hearer took the saying seriously and the publication of it provoked indignant protest until the truth was made known. But now, alas! the jest is no longer a jest. Here is a putting-green on which all players must use a niblick some of the time and some players must use it every time. A niblick on the putting-green! This is no place to let loose the explosive thoughts that the memory of arouses.

The instances mentioned here are given merely as types of the inexcusable perils which can be found on every golf course in the country. The trouble with us Americans is our proneness to overdo even a good thing. Who will be the first to call a halt on the diggers of pits?

PLAYFAIR.

A has-been may be described as a man whose coat shines but whose shoes don't.—Lippincott's.

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THE GOLDEN CROOK

THE DRAMA

MR. BRANDON TYNAN is well known to the theatre public in this city as the very gentlemanly young man who plays leading roles for Mme. Nazimova. This time, however, he has joined to his genteel activity as leading man, the duties and responsibilities of playwright. The result is very discouraging—for the public, at least. "The Passion Flower," which is the rather lurid title of Mr. Tynan's brain-child—not to be confounded with brain-storm, the latter possessing far more action—is a particularly futile production. The miserable little stream of the story meanders wearily through four monotonous acts, and it gets thinner and thinner and dingier and dingier until it finally disappears from sight in a bog-hole. And half the time it is so overgrown with weeds and things, that you can't see it or follow it at all. The characters that stray along its borders are about as natural and graceful as the denizens of a Nuremberg Noah's ark. Their actions and language are marked by a corresponding fidelity to nature. The whole thing reminds one of a Caran D'Ache animal—only it is not at all amusing.

FANNIE WARD
In "Van Allen's Wife," at the Princess next week.

As for Nazimova herself, she is always an extremely interesting figure—even when her work is disappointing. And in this case it is. Of course, there isn't any actress or imaginable combination of actresses that could make the character of Vivien Rodman human. But in Nazimova's hands she is even more inhuman than she is naturally. And the reason is that Nazimova is badly cast. The great Russian actress is an exotic, a thing of rare beauty and brilliant life, but incorrigibly foreign. And this alien note is a great factor in the peculiar appeal of her personality and artistic methods. It constitutes a large part of her charm in such a character as the Comtesse Coquette. As an Italian great dame she fits perfectly into the picture—at least so far as we are concerned, though an Italian might think differently. Her strange mannerisms do not jar, her foreign pronunciation becomes local color. But when she attempts to play the part of a New York woman of fashion, the case is entirely different. Even people who wouldn't know the "400" if they ran into it and knocked it down, recognize at once that she is hopelessly out of drawing. She is about as much at home as an Indian panther would be, lolling in a lady's lap in a Fifth Avenue carriage-parade. "The Passion Flower" is a very bad play, but even if it was a very good one, Nazimova would never do in that role.

* * *

IN spite of its being rather too long-drawn-out, and in spite of a number of tiresome passages of stagey dialogue—especially in the sentimental scenes—there is a lot of good stuff in "The Barrier." There is plenty of action, there are a number of good situations, and the excellent company plays it for all it is worth. Theodore Roberts is a superb artist in certain lines of work, and while he is not given quite so much opportunity as one would like to see, his performance is a very remarkable one. And he is ably seconded by that extremely clever actor of "bad men," W. S. Hart. Mr. Alphonz Ethier, as Poleon Doret, also did an excellent piece of work, and Mr. Socola's No-Creek Lee was good throughout. But the leading lady, Miss Florence Rockwell, was lamentably weak—in acting, I mean, not vocally. Her conception of strong emotion is of something that explodes with a loud noise. She furnishes the noise—oodles of it—but the effect is not always the one she intended.

The play, as was inevitable in the dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, is a melodrama from start to finish, with heart interest and gun-playing and all the rest of the usual ingredients. But it is pretty good melodrama, and good melodrama is not to be despised in these days of tawdry musical comedy and out-at-elbows psychological plays. At least, melodrama is straightforward and understandable; and after seeing a variety of psychic heroines writhe through their emotions, there is a lot of satisfaction in watching a sure-enough hero pump lead or stick a few inches of steel into an unmistakable bad man—as distinguished by a frock-coat and a polite manner. And then what unalloyed delight lies in a good stage fight, such as the one in the last act of "The Barrier." In fact, that act is the best of the lot, and Roberts' work in it is alone worth going far to see. If the rest of the play could be boiled down a bit, and especially if some of the pseudo-sentimental balderdash were cut out, "The Barrier" should prove a very enjoyable and successful production.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—Van Allen's Wife."
Royal Alexandra—"Going Some."
Grand—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic Music Hall—Vaudeville.
Gayety—"The Lid-Lifters."

ADVANCE notices point to the engagement of Miss Fannie Ward at the Princess next week as one of the interesting events of the season. The reports which have come from Rochester, where Miss Ward opened her season in "Van Allen's Wife," are to the effect that her creation of this character ranks with some of the best character portraitures on the American stage. Although it is the first serious work that Miss Ward has undertaken in America she has given every indication of her ability in this respect. Last year her success in "The New Lady Bantock" was emphatic. "Van Allen's Wife" is the work of Forrest Halsey and Lee Arthur, one of the authors of "The Auctioneer." It is not a sordid tale of the slums nor is it a story of the follies of the rich. It is just a tale of every-day life and is said to be founded on an incident in the career of a well-known American diplomat. Miss Ward is supported by a most capable company including Mr. H. Reeves-Smith, Mr. John W. Dean, Mr. Erroll Dunbar, Mr. Henry Duggan, Mr. Romain Callendar, Mr. William H. Boyd, Mr. Frank Jackson, Miss Janet Slater and Miss Margaret Fuller. Miss Ward's managers have provided her with a very handsome production. All the scenery was built and painted in England, while most of the furniture and even the rugs and draperies were purchased in London.

* * *

"Going Some," the farce comedy which comes to the Royal Alexandra Monday evening, is the first joint work of Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong. From the meed of praise it has secured it should afford Toronto theatre-goers something novel and entertaining for the coming week. The scenes of "Going Some" are laid on the Flying Heart ranch in New Mexico. When the play opens the cowboys of the ranch are downcast. A short time before they had backed one of their number whom they thought to be a crack sprinter to run against a man from a rival ranch. The runner, however, "double-crossed" them and lost the race, and then left the country. When J. Wallingford Speed, of Yale, arrives at the ranch with his valet for a vacation visit, he finds that a California college boy, the glee club tenor of Leland Standford, is singing "Deearie" to the girl he wants for himself. This girl idolizes athletes and Speed immediately announces hi ns f as the champion sprinter of Yal. While

(Concluded on page 18.)

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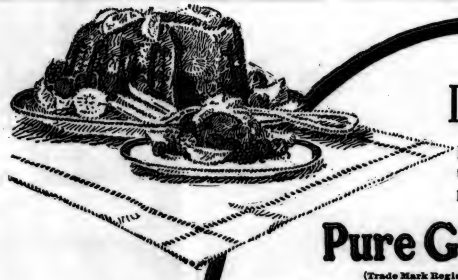

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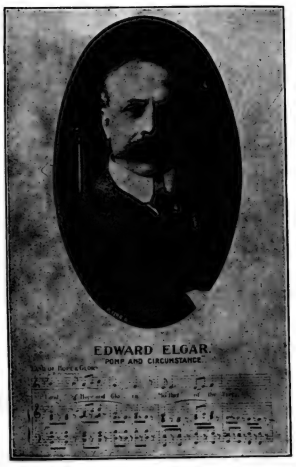

IN a street-car conversation which I recently had with a gentleman of musical proclivities, he expressed surprise that in the rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Choir's performance of the "Children's Crusade" an auxiliary choir of both girls and boys was being employed. It was the opinion of this gentleman that a choir of all boys would make a better effect. The first answer, of course, to this objection is that the score of the composition, being faithful to the historic facts of the pathetic crusade of the children in the 12th century, calls for a choir of girls as well as boys. In addition to this statement, one might point out the fact that a carefully selected chorus of both girls and boys will blend better with an adult chorus than will boys' voices alone. It is on this score, as is well known, that the objection is often raised against the use of boys in conjunction with women contraltos and sopranos in Anglican and Catholic choirs. The voice of the girl is the natural open tone produced in the same way as the adult female voice, while that of the boy is an artificial head tone which has a peculiar characteristic of its own.

I was led through this conversation to examine into the progress being made by the children's chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir, and I found that the perfect blending of the boys' voices with those of the girls now being trained for the Toronto performances of the "Children's Crusade" promises results such as have made the work so great a sensation wherever this feature has been approached artistically and where the composer's intentions have been honored in performance.

Out of over 1,000 children tested for the children's choir 250 were chosen, the result being an unusually intelligent, smooth-voiced and capable body of young singers, whose work has elicited the warmest admiration from many choir-masters who have heard them. I confidently expect that the two performances of the "Children's Crusade" next February will prove the most notable events in the history of the Mendelssohn Choir.

In addition to the choir of girls and boys, the score of the composition calls for an adult chorus, a group of four soloists, and an orchestra of large size and virtuosity. The genius of the composer in writing music characteristic of the various sections is very remarkable.

The Toronto rehearsals of the children have been progressing with very fine results. Dr. Vogt personally took the 250 young people in hand for the two rehearsals last week, and warmly complimented them upon their excellent progress under the thorough training which is being imparted to them by Mr. A. L. E. Davies.

This magnificent work, of which the Mendelssohn Choir will give the first Canadian performance next February, may be fairly regarded as the choral sensation of recent years, and that it will be listened to with rapt attention goes without saying.

* * *

There is a class of persons in Yankee-land who delight to announce themselves as hailing from a locality known as Missouri. They are invariably people of little faith, and their attitude towards all things both temporal and spiritual is summed up in their favorite phrase "You've got to show me." This may be good philosophy and excellent mental poise —I think perhaps it is; but when it goes one step further and becomes "You've got to show somebody else before I am willing to be shown," the case becomes one for sadness and repining.

The people of this second class exist in large numbers amongst our Toronto concert-goers, and when a new artist comes to town they are not willing to come out that he may show them what he can do. Instead, he must sing or play to empty seats upon his first appearance, and then when the papers next morning set forth to the musical public the excellence of what they have missed, they begin to sit up and take notice a little.

Gadski, Sembrich, Josef Hoffmann, and other superb artists were greeted with this chilly welcome upon their first appearance amongst us. Last season the engagement of Dr. Hans Wullner, the great male lieder singer was cancelled for fear of this very thing; since philanthropy and business solvency cannot always go hand in hand.

The appearance of Miss Tilly Koenen, the great German female interpretative artist, which is to take place in Massey Hall on Nov. 26, should not be fraught with this experience. She comes with a contralto voice of which Eric De La Marter, the brilliant Chicago critic says: "Of this tone nothing but superlatives can be said. It is rich in color, it is broad and solid; it is a magnificent fabric built upon a foundation of perfect breath control. The vibrant fortissimos contain no hint of effort and strain, the pianissimos that melt away to the vanishing point are as solid and true as they are transparent. The voice, in short, is one of those miracles that are the substance of things hoped for; for once the substance is real substance—not shadow."

It is to be hoped that Miss Koenen will have an audience, a large audience, and one "willing to be shown."

* * *

The concert given by the choir of Central Methodist Church on Thursday evening of last week presented a programme of great interest and variety. Besides the performance of Dr. J. Humfrey Anger's sterling cantata, "A Song of Thanksgiving," several miscellaneous numbers and Nevin's unique work, "Captive Memories," were performed. This latter composition is a very grateful piece of harmony, and it attracted much attention by the beauty of the quartet and solo passages, the graceful piano part and the charming phrases interpolated by the reader. In the mind of the listener it aroused once more the sad regret that Ethelbert Nevin was so prematurely lost to a world of admirers who expected big things of him in musical composition in the future.

Miss Enid Newcombe, the 'cellist, was a very welcome assistant. This young lady has everything in her favor as a platform artist, and as soon as she is better known in Toronto will readily gain a place in the affections of our audiences. Her tone and technique are alike admirable, her stage presence is very charming, and her playing is at all times sympathetic and musical.

Recognition is also due to Miss Winnifred Parker, reader, and to the church quartette consisting of Mrs. Dilworth, Mrs. Merry, Mr. Bemrose and Mr. Edmonstone. Dr. Anger, the organist and director, may feel well pleased with the result of his efforts.

* * *

The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir provided an evening's entertainment in Massey Hall last Saturday that was chiefly remarkable for its novelty. The choir consisted of some two dozen fine looking ladies who dressed for the first half of the programme in the national costume of Wales. Their singing of the Welsh folk songs and other numbers was marked by vim and spontaneity, but the finer effects were often concealed by the piano accompaniment. The energy expended in the forte passages occasionally caused the intonation to be affected, but for the most part the work as a whole gave real pleasure. Some very sweet voices were revealed in the solo work. The patriotic Welsh who were present encored every number, which argued more enthusiasm than discrimination.

* * *

The concert of the Toronto String Quartette in the Conservatory Music Hall on this Saturday evening should prove to be of strongly attractive qualities to real music lovers. Chamber music is like rare old wine, the delicate bouquet of which is best enjoyed in an atmosphere of seclusion and refinement. The Conservatory Music Hall is an ideal place for so artistic a concert, and interest in the same will be heightened by the appearance of Mr. Frank Welsman, our Symphony Orchestra Conductor, in the role of piano soloist.

* * *

The cordial approval which greeted Mr. Welsman and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at their first concert of the season augurs well for the succeeding performances, the next of which takes place on Thursday evening. A very charming programme has been prepared and no doubt "capacity audiences" will be there to hear it. The appearance of Sergei Rachmaninoff the great composer-pianist, as assisting artist will be in the nature of an event. The budding pianist who has reached the intermediate grade without attempting this composer's popular prelude in C sharp minor is as rare as the daisies which bloom in December, tra-la. No one knows but what Mr. Rachmaninoff may have another of his compositions up his sleeve which will take the pianistic world by storm, as did his well known and muchly-played prelude. Perhaps we shall hear it on Thursday evening next.

* * *

Mr. H. M. Fletcher and his Schubert Choir will give a concert in Rochester in conjunction with the Pittsburg Orchestra next spring. This concert will be given at the conclusion of the Society's programmes in Toronto.

* * *

The following programme was given in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday afternoon, by senior and post graduate pupils of the piano and vocal departments:

Chopin, "Etude, Op. 10, No. 3," Miss Marguerite Whittaker; Wagner-Liszt, "Isolden's Liebes-Tod," Miss Florence Spencer; (a) Mendelssohn Liszt, "Auf Flugeln des Gesanges," (b) Alabieff-Liszt, "Le Rossignol," Miss Marion Bilton; (a) Macdowell, "The Robin Sleeps in the Apple Tree," (b) Clayton Johns, "Where Blooms the Rose," Miss Winifred Henderson; Dvorak, "Poetische Stimmungsbilder, O. 85, Nos. 1 and 2," Miss Mary C. Morley, A.T.C.M.; Macdowell, "Sonata Eroica" (first and second movements), Miss Mona Bates, A.T.C.M.; Paganini-Liszt, "La Campanella," Miss Flora McDonald; (a) Franz, "To Music," (b) Walford-Davies, "Hame," Mr. Rhynd Jamieson; Beethoven, "Concerto, G Major, Allegro Moderato," Miss Mabel F. Boddy, A.T.C.M.; orchestral accompaniment on second piano, Miss Mona Bates.

The following teachers were represented: Miss Mary Caldwell, Mr. F. S. Welsman, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, Edward Broome, Mus. Doc., Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc., Albert Ham, Mus. Doc.

This is the opening recital of the fortnightly series given in the Music Hall on Saturday afternoons. The next will be one by pupils of the intermediate grade, on Saturday, November 20.

* * *

The Deer Park branch of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, 14th St. Clair avenue, East, opens its winter term with a gratifying increase in the number of students on the roll, and an efficient staff of teachers. Deer Park is rapidly becoming a most important residential section of the city, and the Conservatory may be congratulated in having led the way in bringing the advantages of a thorough musical education to its doors.

* * *

Mr. Ernest Johnson, L.R.A.M., who is a Torontonian and a violinist of unusual ability, has been engaged by the Pittsburg Orchestra and placed in the first violin section of that sterling organization. Mr. Johnson writes me some interesting details of the work, and also states that he purposes recommencing his teaching and solo playing in Toronto, Hamilton and Oshawa at the close of the contract at the end of March next.

ARPEGGIO.

A very interesting recital to be given at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on the 22nd of this month, is the costumed interpretations of a number of Kipling poems by Henry J. Hadfield. Mr. Hadfield will be remembered for his excellent work as the Messenger in "The Message from Mars." He has also been very successful in his recitals, for which his fine voice and presence qualify him admirably.

At Shea's Theatre next week the bill will be headed by Sam Chip and dainty Mary Marble, in a sketch entitled "In Old Edam." The special attraction for the week will be Les Cadets De Gasgogne, the French Quartette of operatic stars, composed of three men and a handsome young woman. Lola Merrill and Frank Otta present their dainty playlet, "After the Shower." Harry Atkinson Hill, Cherry and Hill. The Chadwick Trio, Hermany's Cats and Dogs, and the Kinetograph complete the bill.

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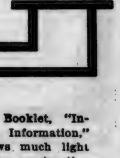

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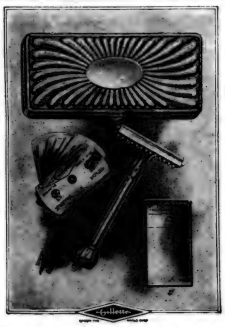

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ANECDOTAL

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S philanthropy was being praised on the piazza of an hotel.

"Mr. Carnegie," said an aged clergyman, "is as profoundly religious as he is profoundly charitable. All the same—"

He smiled.

"Mr. Carnegie attended, some years ago, one of my business men's weekday services. Seeing him in the congregation, and unaware that he was not used to praying extempore, I said after the first hymn:

"'We will now be led in prayer by Brother Carnegie.'

"Mr. Carnegie rose, very red and flustered.

"'Let us engage first of all,' he stammered, 'in a few minutes of silent prayer.'

"We all immediately bowed our heads and closed our eyes, and Mr. Carnegie, tiptoeing out, escaped."

* * *

MADAME MAETERLINCK, known to the public as "Georgette Leblanc," who is taking such a keen interest in the production of "Macbeth" at St. Wandrille, in Normandy., is an actress whose impersonations of the leading female characters in her famous husband's plays have earned for her a brilliant reputation. She is intensely artistic, and is an ideal wife, being a great admirer of M. Maeterlinck's genius. An amusing story is told of a tour she made some time ago in France. At a certain small town the local theatrical company "supported" her in one of her husband's plays; but their aid by no means satisfied her, and so she complained to the manager. "A writer like my husband should be treated with more respect," she said.

"Madame," replied the manager, "M. Maeterlinck is not the only one to suffer. Sophocles, Moliere and Racine are daily murdered in the same way."

"Possibly," replied the actress quickly, "but they are not murdered *alive*, at any rate."

* * *

THIS anecdote is attributed to Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Philadelphia, formerly of Toronto, although as he is the high-salaried pastor of a very wealthy church it seems scarcely apropos. It is said that he once remarked, in a circle of his brethren, that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master.

"I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that!"

* * *

AN artist once met by accident an old model who had once served him and others of the craft, but had since retired from the business. The man was then engaged in some menial capacity at the zoological gardens, and upon the artist asking him what he was doing there he replied in a rather injured and resentful tone:

"What am I a-doin' of? Why, I'm a-sweeping out helephants' dirt; a pretty sort of occupation, ain't it, for a man as has sat for the twelve Apostles?"

* * *

AT an interminably long performance of "Monte Cristo," with Anecdotal cmfwyp Charles Fechter in the character of the hero, the curtain rose for the last act at a quarter of one in the morning. Fechter was discovered sitting in a contemplative attitude. He neither moved nor spoke. Just then a clear, sad voice in the gallery exclaimed:

"I hope we are not keeping you up, sir."

* * *

MARK TWAIN once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of his books. The neighbor replied ungraciously that he was welcome to read them in his library, but he had a rule never to let his books leave his house. Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawnmower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn you will be obliged to use it there."

* * *

LUTHER M. BURBANK, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey that bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"'Where's my honey?' he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear and in a stage whisper stammered:

"'Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir.'"

* * *

A FAMOUS dean was once at dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers.

"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"for this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

* * *

TEACHER was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

* * *

A GENTLEMAN lying on his death-bed was questioned by his inconsolate prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there annythin' that wud make ye comfortable? Annythin' ye ask for I'll get for ye."

"Plase, Bridgett," he responded, "I t'ink I'd like a wee taste of the ham I smell a-boilin' in the kitchen."

"Arrah, go on," responded Bridget. "Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."

* * *

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, the novelist, often tells this "trouble" story:

"A lady"—so Mr. Chambers always begins—"a lady, on the way back from her husband's funeral, stopped with her supporters at a house of refreshment.

"Gin was chosen as the beverage best suited to the occasion, and a liberal quantity of the transparent fluid was poured into the bereaved lady's glass.

"'Any water, Min?' one of the other ladies asked her, holding out the pitcher.

"But she did not deign to lift her face from her handkerchief.

"'Water?' she sobbed. 'Water? Good heavens, ain't I got trouble enough as it is?'"

* * *

WHEN King Gustavus III. was in Paris, he was visited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fellow-countryman. The king, who took small interest in the progress of science, felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic order, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count."

"His Majesty must be obeyed," said the Prime Minister, as he read the order; "but who in the world is Scheele?"

A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the Premier with very full information.

"Scheele is a good sort of fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot, and a first-rate hand at billiards."

The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher. The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His Majesty was indignant.

"You must all be fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Scheele is!"

A SKETCH IN HOLBORN.

"'Ere y'are; all the pop'lar songs a penny."—The London Tatler.

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Save Temper

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BUSY PENINSULAR

THEY are selling so readily at this price that we have difficulty in getting them here fast enough from the factory. "Peninsular Ranges" are now a household word with the women folks, and this particular range is therefore eagerly snapped up at this price.

Sole Agents for Toronto

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Own a Good Baker

The Busy Peninsular is a handsome range though of plain design, which makes it easily cleaned — simple construction, therefore readily managed — has duplex grate, 18-inch oven, fitted for water front if desired—high shelf and parts are fully nickeled.

Call and See This Range Next Week. We Arrange Terms if You Desire.

Special Price $25.00

A. Welch & Son

"The Stove Store" 304 Queen West

No Plumbers' Bills

When you buy the Rowe Sanitary Lavatory—used any place—installed anywhere—no tearing up of walls and floors—does away with the inconvenient, unsanitary washstand, bowl and pitcher. Investigate it. Latest patented household necessity. Sales on American side enormous. Ask your house furnishing and hardware dealer about it.

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John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

[13]

For that tired, run-down feeling eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

It has all the body-building material in the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Try it for breakfast.

Column

ONE is reading all sorts of awesome things about the cruelty which is possible to defenceless women and children in remote country places. Things are worse than they seem. What do you think of the following shameless confession of oppression of the insect world? "Sydney Moore had a bee drawing manure on his wheat ground on Monday afternoon," which was recently made public as one of the news items from suburban parts? The little busy bee who has been for generations held up as a model to lazy mortals, seems to be getting on, but are we going to countenance his oppressors in their heartless career of crime? Why should Sydney Moore be permitted to have bees drawing manure on his farm, when they should be occupied in the final sealing up of their honey cells and hives? True, it was only one bee who is on record as engaged in toil for the enrichment of Sydney Moore's farm, but, ladies and gentlemen, members of Humane Societies and Labor Unions, great-hearted people the world over, shall this one oppressed and hard-working bee not have his case brought up and thoroughly aired, and, let us hope, his grievances redressed?

Now that the verdict of death has been removed in the case of Mrs. Robinson, and she is, instead, to spend ten years in jail, one can draw a long breath of relief and realize that one need not dread opening one's morning mail to find sheets upon sheets of hysterical ravings and supplications on her behalf. Not that anyone who is wide-awake ever thought that Mrs. Robinson would hang, even though she prevented her children's children from continuing the unspeakable horror of the family record. The deplorable thing about such a case is partly the morbid and terrible frame of mind into which it throws women, and the frightful statements it leads them to make. However, all these protesting and vituperative shes may embrace themselves and glory in their conviction that they alone have ameliorated the condition of a poor creature whose abject personality it gives one a pain to recall. All the same, I think we might, with perfect calmness and safety have left the matter in the hands of the men who had the power to change hanging to imprisonment. Men are generally to be trusted in a case such as this, if only women would believe in them!

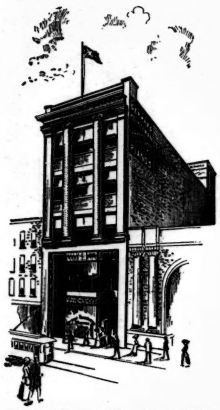
Hall Caine's latest book, The White Prophet, which I believe it is the proper thing to deride as a pipe-dream of conditions in Egypt, has interested me very much. The whole atmosphere is new in noveldom, the plot and situations profoundly suggestive, and what more could one ask, in this *blase* age? There are several characters beside the White Prophet whom one can not easily forget, the heroine is such a woman, jumping to a momentous conclusion, headlong, brave, faithless and faithful in the same breath, with devotion and opaqueness incredible, mistaken in the most appalling way, but honest and earnest above all. The poem of the stern old Governor and his delicately limned lady, their sweet mutual affection and pride in their fine son, their so diverse personalities bound by the love of a lifetime, are unforgettable. As for the story, it is one very apropos of the present, and seems to me not so very impossible. In the East all things are possible, except, what one might expect!

I wonder if Hall Caine's home and wife and son are the reasons why I like the cranky little person? A pretty memory makes homely things fair sometimes, and Greelba Castle is a lovely memory, perched on its hillside in Manxland, as white as driven snow. Amid the bounteous verdure, a fuchsia hedge in lush bloom bordering the steep road up to the snowy door, the brightest brass knobs and sheatings on that door, the great linked chain and huge ring hanging handy to pull the mellow big bell suspended inside the half glass portal, so that one could see it swing a call to some rosy Manx handmaiden to let us in. And Madam, with her pretty welcome, and lusty little Deruent, the second son, with his newly kindled enthusiasm for wheels and wheeling, and it was down on our knees to examine crank and pedal and chain and brake, all crazy cyclists together. That, perhaps, is the reason I carefully begin to read Hall Caine's successive novels, but it isn't the reason I carefully continue to the end!

LADY GAY.

THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS

IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS AT OUR NEW STORE OPPOSITE CITY HALL



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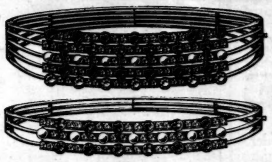
Amethyst and Pearl Ear Rings, $15.35 per pair.



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Pearl and Gold Ear Rings, $6.00 per pair.

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The extreme softness, mellowness and fine character are produced by age and high quality.

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A morning glass of

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Furs of a high order and dependable quality necessarily must be stylish.

In our productions for this season we have expressed all our strength, our experience, and the full might of our organization to the last degree in the style and quality of our display.

We ask you to compare our quality, styles, and prices.

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Our Order Department is one of the largest, and maintains its high reputation for executing and designing Coats, Neckwear, and Muffs in the most exclusive models and choicest selection of skins on the shortest possible notice.

We cordially invite your inspection. Any selections that are now made from stock will be held for future delivery, including "Holiday Gifts."

Trade Mark

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CORNER LOUISA

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page* 14.)

the girl is admiring his running suit the cowboys arrive and enthusiastically welcome him and ask him to run for them. Speed boastingly agrees. The "native son" rival sees through Speed's deception, and eggs on the cowboys to make him prove his ability. These rough and ready westerners impress upon Speed that they are bad losers, and if he does not win that Yale will probably be minus a student the next year. They also announce that they are going to take personal charge of his training and, egged on by the tenor, keep Speed in the bunk house, make him feed on raw meet, eggs, and onions, and add a few ice cold shower baths for good measure. Speed stands the "hazing" rather than be shown an imposter to the girl he loves. In the meantime he has sent word to his chum, the real Yale champion, to come and help him out. At the last moment before the race the champion appears, but comes on crutches, having broken his foot in a railway accident. Speed has to run the race, and finally manages to win. The Messrs. Shubert are sending the original New York and Chicago cast to Toronto. It is headed by Walter Jones as the trainer; Laurance Wheat, as the boasting college boy; and Aubrey Beattie, as the "gifted" native son.

* * *

It is now five years since Torontonians last had an opportunity of hearing Miss Lillian Burus, the talented reader whose work as an interpreter of Browning found so large a circle of admirers. For the past few weeks Miss Burus has been visiting in the city and her friends have persuaded her to arrange a recital before her return to her home in Vancouver. On Wednesday evening next, at the Conservatory, she will present a programme made up of the old favorites for which she is well known in Toronto, and several new selections which she has added to her repertoire. In addition to lyrics and dramatic monologues from Browning, Miss Burus will present numbers from Keats, Buchanan, Kipling and several of the best known present-day bards.

MISS LILLIAN BURUS, the talented reader, who will be heard here shortly.

* * *

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" comes to the Grand next week. Mrs. Wiggs, kind-hearted, optimistic soul, seeing everything through rose-tinted spectacles, appears to have been transplanted from the printed page to the lighted stage without having lost any of her sterling goodness. The play itself is a homely story of humanity and real goodness, honesty and right purpose, with a pardon in sight for every sinner who looks for it. There are thirty in the cast. The "fit horse" bids for popular approval. The scenery is descriptive of humble surroundings and preserves the atmosphere of the play.

* * *

ANOTHER Toronto boy has made good in a theatrical way. This time it is Douglas Paterson, the son of Mr. John A. Paterson, K.C., and for some years a well-known newspaperman about town. He had many difficulties to overcome at the outset of his theatrical career, but that he has successfully come through the period of probation is evident from his appointment as a member of the permanent stock company with which David Belasco is opening his new theatre in New York. This is a position which not only implies a considerable measure of success for an actor, but which also puts a young actor in the way of acquiring a thorough mastery of his profession and so reaching a much wider field.

FIRST NIGHTER.

Trains leave Toronto 4.32 and 6.10 p.m. daily via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley. Former train has Pullman sleeper, Buffalo to New York, and 6.10 p.m. train has Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Tickets, reservations, etc., at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

She may receive more costly, more pretentious gifts, but none will bring her more real pleasure than a dainty bottle of Taylor's distinctive Perfumes. These Perfumes are made from the distilled essence of real flowers, and are highly concentrated, so that a few drops are sufficient to give an enchanting, lasting odor; sweet, subtle and lingering.

These Perfumes are packed in handsome, attractive boxes, and are suitable for gifts for all occasions.

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Jap Lily

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The true violet odor, penetrating, yet delicate. As fragrant as the flowers from which it is distilled. We know of no perfume that equals it. $1.00 per ounce.

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For those who desire perfume with individuality, not offensively strong, but unusual, like the exotic scent from an Oriental garden. A perfume decidedly out of the ordinary. $1.00 per ounce.

Infants' Delight Soap

Used from Halifax to Vancouver—the most popular toilet soap in Canada. We go thousands of miles for the pure cocoanut oil from Ceylon and the olive oil from the gardens of France. A soap so wholesome, so beneficial it keeps the skin as soft and rosy as a baby's. 10c a cake everywhere.

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Makers of Soaps and Perfumes—TORONTO

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1854

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 30th November, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, October 21st, 1909.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

HAMILTON—In Toronto, on November 9, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hamilton, a son.

MARRIAGES.

MILNES—SINCLAIR—On October 30, 1909, at New St. Andrew's Church, King Street, Isabel Gertrude, daughter of Mrs. John Sinclair, to James Herbert Milnes, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Milnes, both of Toronto.

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Provide sufficient Telephones to make it easy for customers to reach your business. Every new Bell subscriber enlarges your possibilities for Telephone Orders. Apply Contract Department, Main 5460, for information regarding service and proper equipment.

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Whether judged from the standpoint of "appearance" or that of "intrinsic worth" there can be no question as to FOWNES superiority.

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H.M. THE QUEEN,
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OF WALES
AND ROYAL FAMILY.
There's "character," style and high quality in every hat we make. It will pay you to look for the "Lincoln, Bennett" label.
"Lincoln, Bennett" Silk Hats are recognized by gentlemen the world over, as the highest standard for quality and style.

A Dainty Bedtime Luncheon.
Just enough crackers and cheese to satisfy that "hungry feeling" —and a cold bottle of
O'Keefe's
"Pilsener" Lager
to aid digestion and woo sound, refreshing sleep.
The most delightful of lagers. As delicious in flavor as it is pure and wholesome. Dealers everywhere have O'Keefe's.
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."
O'KEEFE BREWERY CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Brightness and Freshness of youth are preserved to the complexion by CRÈME SIMON POUDRE SAVON

From all Chemists and Perfumers

Two Irish Minstrels.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, whose recent book, "A Certain Rich Man," has been widely read and discussed, has just returned from a trip to Europe. He has been regaling the home folks of Emporia, Kansas, with accounts of his travels and opinions of things European from the standpoint of a globe-trotting Kansan. In the last of these letters to Mr. White's Emporia Gazette the crowd around the docks at Queenstown is described. "It was a well-dressed country crowd," "an orderly, well-behaved, decently-bred crowd." The writer goes on to say:

But what interested us most was a pair of old Irish singers. They were old-fashioned as the fog. The man wore a shabby, shoddy coat, a cotton shirt, without a collar; rough, woolen trousers, and a cheap cap. Also, he was more or less dirty and unkempt. His wife, a woman with the beautiful yellow hair of the Irish race of women, carried a nursing baby in her arms; she wore a frowsy brown shawl—also after the manner of her class—and a bedraggled skirt. Her face was not pretty—nor hardly clean—and as to her hair, with all its beautiful color, it had had a lick and a promise so long without the lick that the promise even had sagged and grown weary. The two—the miserable man and the slouchy woman—(perfectly honest, well-meaning people), droned old Irish ballads of a day that is gone. They sang Tom Moore whipped-cream love songs, and all sorts of stirring old war calls of the Fenian days, and dreary tales of the chivalry of Old Ireland a thousand years ago. And they sang in a curious fashion. The man sang the front part of every line of the songs and stopped short for his wife to sing the rhyming words, after which the man quickly took up the beginning of the next line. It was strange, and probably represents some left-over form of Irish balladry that goes back to the Gaelic days. But it was the one true touch of real Old Ireland in the crowd. That was evident from the way the old women gathered about the minstrels, nodding vigorous approval; and the old men grinned and chuckled in delighted reminiscence. Here, then, was the last of the minstrels. This was the echo of "the harp that once through Tara's halls, the soul of music shed."

A Fly on Gladstone's Nose.

I REMEMBER once (says Harry Furniss, in The Strand Magazine), when I was giving a lecture on "Portraiture: past and present," and illustrating the portraits on medals with the aid of a lantern, I came to some near the bottom of the screen. "Here," said I, "we have the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, 1300 A.D." At that moment, the Mayor and Mayoress of the town, who, for effect I suppose, had come in a quarter of an hour late to the seats reserved for them in the centre of the hall, walked past the rays of the lantern, and were, of course, shown on the screen, and, as can be supposed, caused an effect that had not been anticipated.

On another occasion a fly was an offender, whilst I was giving a lecture, with the aid of a lantern. I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience, as I pointed to the pictures on the screen, that one moment he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter. I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed in hysterics. Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round, and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking on the nose of the Grand Old Man. It appears that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between and was being magnified a hundredfold on the screen.

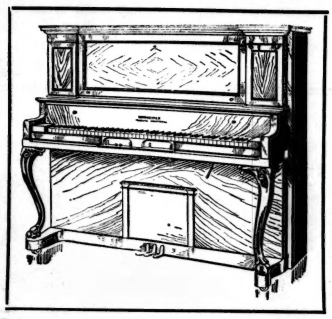
DETROIT, CHICAGO, AND THE WEST, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, PORTLAND, NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK.

The acknowledged favorite route is the Grand Trunk double-tracked line—the only one. Three trains daily for the West, at 8 a.m., International Limited; 4.40 p.m., and Night Express at 11 p.m.

Four trains East, the 9 a.m. and 10.15 p.m. being the fastest and best.

It is necessary to secure reservations in advance at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

The Doctor — Nonsense! You haven't got a cancer. Booze is what ails you. You must stop drinking at once. The Souse—Gee! Is it that serious? Why, Doc, I thought it was some simple thing that could be helped by an operation.—Cleveland Leader.



The Nordheimer Player-Piano is just like the ordinary Piano in appearance, but has the player mechanism concealed within the case. It can be played by hand, or by the mechanical device at the player's option.

How to Play the World's Best Music

If you have a piano and cannot play, you cannot entertain your friends with music. If you have a piano and can only play simple pieces, your enjoyment is exceedingly limited. If you have no piano at all you are missing the great world of music that lies ready to your hand, if you will provide yourself with a

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With this marvelous instrument, comprising the most perfect mechanical player with the best Canadian Piano, the operator is enabled to play the world's best music, without any practice or musical education. This invention is one of the marvels of the century, and brings all the classical music known within the possibility of every Canadian home. The sweetness and pure quality of tone found in the Nordheimer Piano and Player-Piano, has given it the name of
THE "QUALITY-TONE" PIANO
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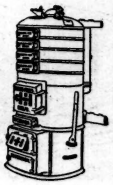
The "Sovereign" Furnace does all the heating



The "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler

Made by TAYLOR-FORBES Company, Limited GUELPH

What has been your experience with the hot air furnace? Does it not burn coal liberally, and do you not have to maintain a kitchen coal range for hot water, and a grate fire in the living room as well? Put less coal than you now use into a "Sovereign" and have all the house heated uniformly and comfortably. No cold walls or drafty corners. No grate fire needed to make the living room comfortable on chilly days. The "Sovereign" heats all the house and supplies abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen.

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CENTRE RIGHT—Hand Made Frock of champagne broadcloth from Paris, stole design, hand-embroidered, silk lined, short lace sleeves, lace over shoulder and front. Age 8 to 10 years. Price, $75.00.

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